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AMONG THE COWSLIPS.

BY M. E. S.

Down among the yellow cowslips
Long ago, love, long ago,
Through the bending grass we wandered
By the streamlet's peaceful flow.
Overhead the lark was pouring
From her heart a rapturous strain;
Yet, amid those notes exulting,
Ever rang a thrill of pain.

Down among the yellow cowslips
And the fragile cuckoo flowers
Onward sped, unmarked, unnoticed,
All the golden fair spring hours.
Oh, the scented blossoms starring
All the grass beneath our feet;
Oh, the path besides the streamlet
Where we nevermore shall meet;

Down among the yellow cowslips,
Love, we parted long ago!
Lonely here to-day I wander,
Where the fragrant blossoms grow;
Once again the lark is singing
And the stream flows to the sea;
But the glamor of that spring-time
Ne'er again will come to me.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THEY walked on together, she listening to his honeyed compliments, his whispered words, hardly able to decide, in her own mind, which was the braver wooer, the poet or the lord. Then they reached the pretty bank where the wild thyme grew. Lord Vivianne seated himself by her side in silence, then, after a few minutes, he said:

"I have so much to say to you I hardly know where to begin. I am not quite sure of my ground with you yet; I may offend you so seriously that you will, perhaps, order me from your presence, and never speak to me again."

She thought of the diamond ring.

"It is not very probable," she said.

"I am what is called a man of the world," continued Lord Vivianne. "I make no great pretensions to principle, but I can honestly say I have never deceived any one. I always start with a clear and straightforward understanding."

"I think it is the best, decidedly," she said.

Then he took her hands in his, and with his eyes fixed on her face, he continued:

"I love you; I think you are the fairest and most lovely girl I have ever seen. I think also that, with your keen capacity for enjoyment, it is a sad thing that your life should be wasted here; I think that your beauty and your grace should make you one of the queens of the world—you ought indeed to be out in the world—it is cruel to keep you here, as it would be to bury a brilliant gem in a dark well."

Then he paused, studying intently the expression on the downcast face.

"I love you," he said, "I should like to be the one to show you the bright brilliant world. If you honor me with your love, I can give you wealth in abundance, magnificence, such as would gladden the heart of a queen. I will make you the envy of every woman who sees you; you shall hand jewels at each ear that are worth a king's ransom; you shall have servants to wait upon you; you shall have carriages, horses, anything that your heart can desire; you shall not be able to form one wish which shall not be gratified. Doris—Dear Doris—can you trust me? Will you go with me—will you be mine?"

The life he had pictured to her was exactly that for which she had longed, and the words of her lover delighted her. Yet, as she reflected, there shone from out the glorious vista of the future the face of trusting Earle—the man she was about to betray.

"It will break Earle's heart," she said, slowly.

Lord Vivianne laughed aloud.

"Not at all," he said. "These country lovers do not die of broken hearts; he may feel very angry at first, but he will forget you in a few weeks, and fall in love, all over again, with some rosy-faced milkmaid."

"He will never forget me," said Doris; "and his despair will be terrible."

She shuddered a little as though some bleak, cold wind were blowing over her, then she said:

"If he knew I had betrayed him, and he found me, he would kill me."

Again Lord Vivianne laughed.

"Lovers do not kill their faithless loves in these prosaic days. An action for breach of promise, a good round sum by way of compensation, and all is over."

"You do not know Earle," she said, quietly. "I should be afraid of him if I deceived him."

"Never mind Earle," said Lord Vivianne, impatiently; "I should say that it was a great impertinence of any one like Earle to think of winning such a beautiful prize as you. What has he to offer you?"

"His name and his fame," she replied bitterly.

"What is a name?—and all copy books of the goodly kind will tell you 'Fame is but a breath,'" he replied.

"Never mind Earle, rely upon it that I can find some fair house either in sunny France or fair Italy, where Earle will never disturb us. If you are really frightened at him, we will have no settled house, but we will roam over every fair land under the sun. Will you go, my darling, and leave this dull place?"

She was quite silent for some minutes. Perhaps the good and bad angels fought then for the weak, tempted soul; perhaps some dim idea of a heaven to be lost or won came to her; perhaps some vague idea of terrible wrong and deadly sin came to her and made her pause.

"Will you go, my darling?" he asked again, in a whisper.

She raised her eyes calmly to his face.

"Yes," she replied, "I will go."

He did not show his triumph in any extraordinary fashion; his dark face for one moment flushed burning red.

"You shall never repent it," he said, "you shall be happier than a queen."

He pressed her close to his breast, and imprinted upon her willing lips the most passionate of kisses.

"Dear Doris," he exclaimed, "you are mine—mine forever!"

For some moments they stood thus, his arm encircling her graceful waist. Then with an anxiety to complete the business in hand, he said:

"I leave the castle to-morrow—I have already prolonged my visit to the utmost length, and I must go to-morrow. For your sake and mine, it will be better to avoid all scandal, all rumor. When I leave I shall go direct to London. Will you go to-night? Take a ticket for Liverpool, that will throw them all astray. When you reach Liverpool, go to this hotel," and he handed her a card, "and I will join you there late to-morrow evening. The instant I reach London, I will take the express for Liverpool. Will you do that?"

"Yes; I do not see why I should not. I am a great hypocrite at times," she said, "and not particularly good; but I declare to you that I could not spend even a day more with Earle, knowing that I was intent upon deceiving him. Yes, I will go to-night."

"Good; that clears all difficulties. Then there is another thing; leave a letter behind you to say that you are tired of the dull life; that you can bear it no longer, and that, fearing opposition, you have left home quietly, and have taken a situation as English teacher abroad. No one will suspect the truth of such a letter."

Gentle Mrs Brace, honest Mark, loving Mattie—something like regret did seize her when she thought how earnestly they would read that letter, and how sincerely they would believe it.

"There is another thing," said this cold-blooded lord; "promise me that you will, at least until I join you, wear a thick veil. You have no idea what a sensation such a face as yours would make; you would easily be traced by it."

She smiled, well pleased with the compliment.

"Once away over the sea," he said, "and my proudest, keenest delight will be to show the whole world the beautiful prize I have won. Mind, the veil must be so thick that not one feature of the face can be seen through it."

"I will remember," she said, with a smile.

Then he took from his pocket a purse well filled.

"I know you will not be angry," he said. "You can not ask for money, or people will begin to wonder why you want it. You will take this."

A faint flush rose to her face.

"I must," she replied; "I have none of my own."

Then she rose; it was time to return to the house she was soon to abandon.

He bent down to kiss her, and drew the beautiful face to his, just as Earle had done.

Thoughts of her treachery again disturbed her, and she shuddered as though with cold.

"You are tired, my darling," he said. "Go home and rest."

They parted under the trees. He went away, and as she walked slowly away home she said to herself:

"I have killed Earle!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

MATTIE BRACE stood at the farm gate; she was looking impatiently up and down the road, and a sudden light flashed in her face as she caught sight of Doris. The beautiful face seemed to flash like light from beneath the gloom of green trees.

"Doris," cried Mattie, almost impatiently, "I have been looking everywhere for you. There is a whole roll of newspapers from London; they are directed to you, and I know the writing—it is Mr. Leslie's. I am sure they contain notices of your picture. Make haste—I am longing to see them."

Doris looked up with a shyness quite new to her.

"I am coming," she replied. "Where is Earle?"

She hesitated as she asked the question. There were no depths in her nature; she did not even understand regret—of remorse she had not the slightest conception; yet even she felt unwilling to look in the face of the man who loved her.

"Where is Earle?" she repeated.

"He has not returned from Qualnton yet," replied Mattie; and the two girls entered the house together.

On the table of the little sitting room lay a roll of newspapers addressed to Miss Doris Brace. The beautiful lips curved with scorn as she read the name aloud.

"Doris Brace!" she said. "Fate must have been deriding me to give me such a name."

But Mattie made no reply; she had long since ceased to answer similar remarks.

Then Mrs. Brace, seeing the sitting room door open, went in to look at what was going on. Doris looked up at her with a bright laugh.

"I am in a newspaper, mother," she said, "only imagine that!"

Mrs. Brace sighed, as she generally did in answer to Doris. The girl was far above her comprehension, and she owned it humbly with a sigh.

"What do they say, I wonder? Oh! here is a letter from Mr. Leslie." She opened it hastily, then read aloud:

"MY DEAR MISS BRACE.—Need I tell you my picture is the great success of the season? All London is talking about it—the papers are filled with its praise. See how much I have to thank you for! There is even a greater honor than all this praise in store; the queen has signified her gracious desire to purchase my picture! My fortune is made; the face that made sunshine at Brackenside will now shine on the walls of a royal palace. No one admires it more than your sincere friend,

GREGORY LESLIE."

"There!" cried the girl, triumphantly, "the queen—even the queen is going to buy me!"

"Not you, child," said Mrs. Brace, rebukingly—"only your picture."

"It is all the same thing; the queen must have admired, or she would not have wished to purchased it."

"Gregory Leslie is a grand artist," said Mattie. "Surely some merit is due to him."

Doris laughed, as she always did at her sister's admonitions.

"If he had painted you, my dear," she said, laughingly, "I do not think the queen would have bought the picture."

Mattie made no reply, knowing well that in all probability it was perfectly true.

Then Doris opened the papers, and read the critiques one after another; they were all alike—one rapture of praise over the magnificent picture.

"'Innocence' is the greatest picture of the day," said one.

Another asked: "Where had Mr. Leslie found the ideally beautiful face so gloriously placed on canvas? Had he drawn it from the rich depths of glowing fancy, or had he seen a face like it?"

Another paper told how the queen had purchased the picture, and foretold great things for the artist.

"It is really true," said Doris. "I shall be in a palace. Oh, Mattie! I am so sorry that no one will know it is a picture of me; they will admire my portrait, and no one will see me. I should like to go to the queen and say: 'That is my picture hanging on your palace wall.'"

"She would not speak to you," said Mrs. Brace, who took all things literally.

"Hundreds of beautiful faces are placed upon canvas every day," said Mattie; "and I do not suppose any one cares for the models they are painted from."

"I wish I were my own picture," sighed Doris. "I would a thousand times rather hang upon a palace wall than live here."

Then she suddenly remembered how uncertain it was, after all, whether she would be here much longer; in the excitement of reading so much in her own praise, she had almost forgotten Lord Vivianne. As she remembered him her face grew burning red.

"I am glad you have the grace to blush," said Mattie. "You are so vain, Doris, I should be afraid that your vanity would lead you astray."

"No matter where I go, my picture will be safe," was the flippant reply.

And then the little council was broken up. Mrs. Brace went away to tell Mark of her fears. Mattie did not care to hear any more self-laudation, and Doris was left alone. Her face flushed, her pulse thrilled with gratified vanity; her heart seemed to expand with the keen, passionate sense of her own beauty.

"If every earthly gift had been offered me," Doris thought, "I should have chosen beauty. Rank and wealth are desirable; but without a face to charm they would be worth little, and beauty can win them even if one is born without them. I shall win them yet, because men can not look at me without caring for me."

As she stood by the little rose-framed window there came to her a passionate longing that her beauty should be seen and known, that it should receive the homage and praise due it.

She, was fair enough to win the admiration of a queen—she, on whose face royal eyes would dwell so often, and with such great delight!

"I wonder," she thought to herself, "if any of the royal princes will be likely to see that picture. One of them might admire it, and then, if he saw me, admire me."

There was no limit to her ambition, as there was none to her vanity. Had she been asked to share a throne, she would have consented as to a right. Vision after vision of dazzling delight came to her as she stood in the humble sittingroom that was the great delight of Mrs. Brace's heart; life flushed and thrilled through her every vein.

Doris held out her hands with a yearning cry for that which seemed so near, yet so far from her; the thousand vague possibilities of life rose before her. What could she not win with her beauty—what could not her beauty do for her?

Then Mrs. Brace came in again on business cares intent, holding several pieces of calico in her hands.

"Doris," she said, "I have been thinking that as you will perhaps soon be married to Earle, I may as well order a piece of gray calico for you when I order one for ourselves."

Down went the brilliant vision! The queen who admired her face, the palace where her picture would hang, the glorious prospect, the dreams that had no name, the sweet, wild fancies that had filled every nerve—they faded before those prosaic words like snow in the sun!

"Marriage and gray calico!—gray calico and Earle!" She turned with a quick, impatient gesture, almost fierce in its anger.

"Oh, mother! you do say such absurd things," she said; "you annoy me."

"Why, my dear? What have I said? You will want gray calico. You cannot be married from a respectable home like this, and not take a store of house linen with you."

"House linen!" repeated Doris. "You are not talking to Mattie, mother."

"I am not, indeed; if I were I should at least receive a sensible answer. You are above my understanding. If you think that because a gentleman painted your portrait, and people admire it, you will never need to be sensible again, you make a great mistake."

Doris made no reply; a great flame of impatience seemed to burn her heart. How could she bear it, this prosaic, commonplace life? Gray calico and marriage all mingled in one idea! Kindly Mrs. Brace mistook her silence, and really thought she was making an impression on her.

"We have but this one chance of giving the order; if it is not done now, it cannot be done until next year. Mr. Morsy is such a respectable woman herself that I should not like—"

Doris held up her hands with a passionate cry.

"That will do, mother! Order what you like, do as you like, but do not talk to me; I will not hear another word!"

"You will grow more sensible as you grow older," said Mrs. Brace, composedly, as she went away with the calico in her hand, leaving Doris once more alone.

"How have I borne it all this time!" she asked herself, with a flush of anger on her fair face. "Yet, why should I be angry, and in what differ from them? Why should I be vexed or angry? Mattie would have talked for an hour—would have given a sensible answer, while I feel as though I had been insulted. They are my own mother and sister—why I am so different from them? Why does a bird-of-paradise differ from a homely linnet? Why does a carnation differ from a sunflower? I cannot tell?"

She could not tell. It was not given to her to know that all the characteristics of race were strong within her. But that little scene decided her; there had been some faint doubt in her mind, some little leaning toward Earle, and his great wealth of poetry and love—some lingering regret as to whether she was not forsaking the certain, humble paths of peace and virtue for a brilliant but uncertain career.

"If I do this," she had thought to herself, "I shall kill Earle," and the idea had filled her mind with strange pathos. But all that vanished under one unskillful touch.

Writing her story, knowing her faults, I make no excuses for her; but if she had had more congenial surroundings the tragedy of her life might well have been averted.

She stood by the open window and thought it all over. The rich scent of the roses came in and clung to her dress and her hair; the blue sky had no cloud; the birds sung sweetly and clearly in the far distance; she heard the lowing of the cattle and the voices of the laborers.

Then her whole heart turned in disgust from her quiet home; it had no charm for her; she wanted none of it—she wanted life, warmth, glitter, perfume, jewels, the praise of men, the envy of women; she wanted to feel her own power, and to be followed by homage.

What was her bright loveliness for, if not for this? Stay here, where all the people were persecuting her about marrying Earle, having a respectable home, and buying gray calico!

No, not for such a commonplace life. The beauty of hill and sky, and of quaint meadow and shady lane, of blooming flowers and green trees, was not for her; it was dull, tame, and uninteresting.

The greatest queen in all the wide world had admired her face. Was she to remain hidden in this humble, lowly house, where no one saw her but Earle and the few men whom business brought to the farm? It was not to be imagined. She raised her beautiful head with a clear, defiant gaze.

"I do not care," she said to herself, "whether it is right or wrong; I do not care what the price or penalty may be, I will go and take my share of what men and women call life."

And from that resolution, taken on a calm, bright summer day, under the golden light of heaven, with the song of the birds in her ears, she never once swerved or departed, let it cost her what it might.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"IT will be a fine moonlight night," said honest Mark Brace. "If this weather lasts, Patty, we shall have a good balance in the bank by the end of the year."

"Thank Heaven!" said his wife, "a little money is a comfortable thing, Mark; there is always a blessing on honest industry."

It was nearly nine o'clock; a late hour for Mark with his simple industrious habits; but after supper he had taken his pipe and found the conversation of his wife and daughter very delightful. Doris was not with them; she had letters to write to an old school-fellow; she said she wanted to attend to them that very evening.

Insensibly, the absence of Doris was something of a relief to the honest farmer and his wife. When Doris was present she kept them in a continual turmoil. They honestly believed themselves bound to correct her, to admonish her, to check her wild flow of words, the careless and often irreligious speech, and she never brooked the correction; so that most evenings in the old homestead were of a stormy nature.

It was something of a relief, therefore, to have his homely wife on one side, and his daughter on the other. Honest Mark could indulge in that which his soul loved best; a few homely jests and solemn assurances of his own prosperity, while the bright, beautiful girl who puzzled him, was beyond the reach of his understanding, was busy in her own affairs.

"It is after nine," said Mark, "and I am tired. How was it that Earle did not return?"

"He knew that he could not see Doris," said Mattie, with a smile that was half a sigh.

Mark laughed when he was at a safe distance from her. There was nothing that Mark enjoyed more than what he called Doris' airs and graces.

"She keeps him in order," he said, slyly. "Mattie, if ever you think of being married, take a lesson from your sister, my dear."

"I hope she will not," said Mr. Brace. "The true secret of being a good wife, Mattie, is to love your husband better than yourself; and though Doris is as beautiful as the day-star, she will never do that."

Then Mark looked out into the quiet, white moonlight, and said:

"I shall begin to work in the Thorpe Meadows to-morrow. I hope the birds will wake me when the sun rises." And as he passed Doris' room he saw the light underneath the door. "Good-night," he said; "do not sit up late, writing, or you will spoil your eyes, and then Earle will grumble at me."

"I shall not be late," said Doris.

And Mark Brace, without a thought of the tragedy looming, went on.

Mrs. Brace saw the light, but she had not yet forgotten the cruel reception of her advice about the gray calico.

"Good-night, Doris," she said, without entering.

But Mattie went into the room. The excuse had been a perfectly true one. Doris sat writing still, with a tired look on her face, her round, white arms on the table, and two letters by her side.

"I have finished," she said, looking at Mattie.

"What can I do for you, Doris—shall I stay and talk to you?"

"No," she interrupted; "I am tired, and I would rather be alone."

"Good-night," said Mattie, not particularly liking the rebuff.

Then Doris went to her, and clasped her arms round her sister's neck.

"Good night, little Mattie—good, simple Mattie. Kiss me."

The brown eyes were raised slowly to her face.

"You have never asked me to kiss you before, Doris."

"Have I not? Perhaps I never may ask you again. Perhaps if I asked you for a kiss this time next year you would refuse to give it to me."

"No, I should never do that, Doris."

And the two faces—one so brilliantly beautiful, the other so good in its intelligent kindness—touched each other.

Long afterward Mattie remembered that the warm arms had seemed to tighten their clasp round her neck; then Doris drew away, with a little mocking laugh.

"What a sentimental scene!" she said; "the world must be coming to an end."

Mattie wondered a little at her sister's manner, then remembered that she never ought to be surprised, let Doris do what she might.

"Good night," she said as she quitted the room, so little dreaming of all that would pass before she saw that beautiful face again.

Then Doris re-read her letters.

"Kindness in this case would only be cruelty," she said to herself. "Better for Earle to know at once. I should prefer sudden death to lingering torture." The beautiful lips curved in a smile that had in it much of pity.

"Poor Earle!" she murmured, as she placed the letter written to him on the table. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR EARLE:—I have thought it all over—my promise to marry you, and your great wish that I should become your wife. I have thought it all over, and feel convinced that it will not do—we should not be happy. What I want, in order to be happy, you can not give me.

"You will have to work hard for money, then you will have but little of it. We are better apart. I love you, and it will be a sorrow to leave you; but it is all for the best. I have gone away where it will be useless to follow me. I am going abroad as governess to some little children, and that will give me a chance to see the world I am longing to behold.

"You will try to forget me, will you not, Earle? Is it any use suggesting to you that Mattie would be a far more sensible wife for you than I could ever make?

"Do not try to find me; I am going abroad under another name, and it would not please me to see you. I say good-bye to you with sorrow. As far as I can love anyone I love you.

"DORIS."

It was a cold, heartless, decided letter; but it was twenty times better, she thought, in its decisive cruelty, than if she had lingered over soft farewell phrases. There was a second letter, even more cruel and more curt. It was addressed "To Father, Mother, and Mattie," and ran as follows:—

"I write to you all together as I have not time for three separate letters. You will be surprised in the morning not to see me. I have borne this kind of life as long as it was possible for me to do so, and now I am going away. I hope you will not make any effort to find me; I do not want to return to Brackenside—I do not want to marry Earle. I am going to teach some little children; and though it may not be quite the life I should like, it will be better than this."

It was not a kind letter. She placed them both together and pinned them to the cushion of her toilet-table.

"Mattie will see them the first thing in the morning," she said, "and oh me, what a sensation they will make!"

Then she looked at her little watch; it was just ten; she had to go to the railway station at Quainton, and catch the mail train for Liverpool—it would pass there at midnight. She had to walk some distance through the fields and on the high-road.

"I am sorry the moon shines so clearly, it will be light as day."

The moon had looked down on many cruel deeds, perhaps on none more cruel than the flight of this young girl from the roof that had so long sheltered her, the home that had been hers. Her path lay over a broken heart, and as she set her fair feet on it no remorse or regret came to her as the crimson life-blood flowed.

When she had crossed the meadows that led from the farm, she stood still and looked back at the pretty homestead; the moonbeams glistened in the windows, the great roses looked silvery, the ivy and jasmine clung to the walls, the flowers lay sleeping in the moonlight; there was the garden where she had spent the long, sunny days with Earle, there was the path which led to the woods, the spreading tree underneath whose shades Earle had told of his great love. She looked at it all with a smile on her lips; no thought of regret in her heart.

"It is a dull, dreary place," she said to herself; "I never wish to see it again." Then she added: "I have killed Earle."

Good-bye, sweet, soft moonlight; good-bye, white-robed purity, girlish innocence—all left behind with the sleeping roses and the silent trees!

She turned away impatiently; perhaps the moonbeams had, after all, a language of their own that stirred some unknown depths in the vain, foolish heart.

Then she hastened down the high-road, thinking how fortunate it was that the country side was so deserted. The town of Quainton rose before her, the church, the market hall, and last of all the railway station. It wanted a quarter of an hour yet to midnight, and she remembered her lover's injunction that her face was not to be seen. She was careful enough never to raise the veil.

"I wonder," she thought to herself, "why he disliked the idea of my being seen?"

Then she laughed a little mocking laugh.

"It would be inconsistent," she said, "for the model of 'Innocence' to be seen at a railway station at midnight."

There were few passengers for the mail train; she managed to get her ticket first-class for Liverpool without attracting much attention, or exciting any comment or surprise.

During the few moments she stood there, she told the porter that she was going to meet her husband, whose ship had just reached the shore. Her face had flushed as she took out Lord Vivianne's purse and Lord Vivianne's money to pay for her ticket; then the mail train came thundering into the station; there was a minute or two of great confusion. She took her seat in a first-class carriage, then left Earle and Brackenside far behind.

"That is all done with," said Doris. "Those quiet pastoral days are ended, thank Heaven!"

No warning came to her of how she should return to the home she was in such haste to quit.

The journey was a long one. A flush of dawn reddened the sky, and the dew was shining, the birds beginning to sing, as she reached the great bustling city of Liverpool. She was half bewildered by the noise and confusion. A porter found a cab for her, and she gave the address of the hotel Lord Vivianne had given her. There was a long drive through the wilderness of streets; then she reached the hotel.

She felt, in spite of all her courage, some little timidity, when she found herself in those rooms alone. Her thoughts turned involuntarily to Earle—Earle, always tender and true, considerate of her comfort. What if this new lover, this rich young lord, should fail her, after all?

She looked in a large mirror. Ah, no!

He would not fail her; though she had been traveling all night, the dainty coloring of her exquisite face was unfaded.

The light flashed in her eyes, in her golden hair; the smooth satin skin was fair as ever. There was not the faintest trace of fatigue on that radiant beauty, and then she started from her reverie.

One of the servants brought her a card, she read on it the name of "Mr. Conyers," and she knew that Lord Vivianne was there.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I DO not think anything could have been more cleverly managed," said Lord Vivianne. "You have brought nothing with you?"

"No," she replied; and the thought rose in her mind, "I have left all I ought to value most behind;" but prudently enough refrained from speaking.

"I do not see how it can be possible to trace us," he continued, "even should any one try."

"Earle will try," she said, with a slight shudder. "He will look the world through; but he will find me in the end."

Her face grew slightly pale as she spoke, and Lord Vivianne drew near to her.

"You are not frightened at Earle, nor any one else, while you are with me, Dora?" He preferred this name to Doris, and the fanciful change pleased her greatly. "You need not be frightened, Dora," he continued. "You do not surely imagine than I am unable to take care of you?"

"I was not thinking of you, but of Earle," she said simply. "I am always rather frightened when I think of him; he loved me so very much, and losing me will drive him mad."

An expression of impatience came over Lord Vivianne's face; he was passionately in love with the beautiful girl before him, but he had no intention to play the comforter in this the first moment of his triumph.

"Say no more of Earle, Dora; if he annoys you, so much the worse for him. Now we will order breakfast, then take the 10 o'clock express for London. I have even thought of crossing over to Calais today, if you are not too tired."

Her face brightened at the thought—Earle was already forgotten.

"That will be charming," she replied, all graver thoughts forgotten in the one great fact that she was going where she would be admired beyond all words.

Then, for the first time in her life, Doris sat down to a dainty and sumptuous breakfast. It was all novel to her, even this third-rate splendor of a Liverpool hotel. The noiseless, attentive servants—the respect and deference shown to them delighted her.

"After all," she thought to herself, "this is better than Brackenside."

Then Lord Vivianne turned to her with a smile.

"You are so sensible, Dora," he said, "that I can talk to you quite at my ease; and that is a great treat after listening to the whims and caprices of the women of the fashionable world."

"With artful sophistry he stated that for family reasons it would be inadvisable, if not really rash, to have a marriage ceremony—that at the present time it would utterly blight his prospects. When two loving hearts were joined by their own free consent, and vowed to live for each other, the union just as binding, he argued, as though a clergyman had united them. To prevent recognition and gossip, it would be necessary for him to change his name; "and for the future," he added, "we shall travel and be known as Mr. and Mrs. Conyers."

This plain did not please Doris. It was not what she had anticipated.

"Being a farmer's daughter," she thought, "he thinks me unfit to associate with his titled friends. But, for all that, I shall show him that I am their equal. Yes, he shall change his mind. I shall so fascinate him that he will yet be glad to proclaim me his wife, the Lady Vivianne."

She now began to realize that she had made the first false steps in deceiving the trusting poet, Earle Moray, and in consenting to a secret departure from her humble home and loving parents. Yet the die was cast; ambition and a determination to accomplish her wishes forced her forward.

She had great confidence, as we have seen, in the influence of her beauty. Therefore, after some half-hearted objections, which he adroitly overcame by his specious arguments, she consented to all his plans.

"Trust me, dear Dora," he said, delightedly " "and you shall have everything your heart can desire."

By this time breakfast was over, and it was time to leave the hotel, if they wished to catch the morning train for London. With no fuss or excitement, just as if he were paying for a cigar, Lord Vivianne settled his bill, gave a liberal fee to the waiter—a golden guinea—and half an hour later "Mr. and Mrs. Conyers" were in a first-class compartment, on the train for the great metropolis.

When they reached London, Lord Vivianne said, looking with a smile at his companion's plain dress:—

"You can not go to Paris in that fashion, Dora. You must have some suitable dresses. It will not be too late for Madame Delame's; you had better go there at once."

She desired nothing better. She held out her white hand to him with a charming gesture.

"You must advise me," she said; "I shall not know what to buy. This was the most expensive purchase of my life," and she pointed to a plain, dark silk dress which Mrs. Brice thought much to good for a farmer's daughter.

"I know what will suit your fair style of beauty," he said; "a rich costume of purple velvet."

Her eyes shone with delight—purple velvet! Her ambition was realized. For a few moments she was speechless with joy. She forgot altogether, in that, the first realization of her dream, the price she had paid for it.

In the next hour Doris was standing, flushed and beautiful, in Madame Delame's room. If madame had any idea who her aristocratic customer was, she made no sign. When he said that Mrs. Conyers was going abroad, and that she wanted to begin with an elegant traveling costume, the lady blandly acquiesced.

Even Madame Delame, accustomed as she was to aristocratic beauty, marveled at the high-bred loveliness of the girl before her. Very young to be Mrs. Conyers—very young to be married.

She looked involuntarily at the small white hand; a gold ring shone there—was it a wedding-ring? Madame Delame knew the world pretty well, but she sighed as she gazed.

Her artistic talents were called into play; she had not often so lovely a patron to dress; nor carte blanche as to the number and price of the dresses. She took a positive pleasure in enhancing the girl's beauty, in finding rich, delicate lace for the white neck and rounded arms, in finding shining silks and rich velvets; and when Doris stood arrayed in marvelous costume, the graceful, slender figure shown to the greatest advantage by the dress—the dainty coloring of the face made more beautiful by contrast with the rich purple, then madame raised her hands in silent admiration, then trusted she should again have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Conyers.

Lord Vivianne said to Doris, in a low voice:

"I think you have all that you require here; you can get more in Paris, when you have a maid."

Madame Delame said to herself, as they left the place, that, no matter how long she lived, she should never forget the face of Mrs. Conyers.

Once more they were driving through London streets, and this time Dora was too happy to think of anything except her dresses.

Lord Vivianne could not take his eyes off that beautiful face. He congratulated himself, over and over again, on his wonderful good fortune.

"Who could have thought," he said to himself, "that so fair a flower blossomed in that obscure place!"

And while he looked at her, it seemed to him, as it had done to Gregory Leslie, that there was something familiar in the face; that he had either seen that or one very like it before.

A few more days, and they were settled in one of the most luxurious mansions near the Tuileries. Then, indeed, was every wish of Doris' heart fulfilled. Well-trained servants waited upon her; the magnificent rooms were carpeted with velvet pile, the hangings were of the richest silks and lace; wherever she went large mirrors showed the beautiful figure from head to foot.

She had a carriage and a pair of horses that were the admiration of all Paris. She had jewels without number, and more dresses than she could wear; she had a maid whose business it seemed to be to anticipate every wish. What more could she desire?

Lord Vivianne was kind, but he did not treat her with any great amount of deference. There was, however, one very good characteristic, as she thought it—he was unboundedly generous; if she expressed a wish he never hesitated about gratifying it; he never counted either trouble or expense.

Enhanced by the aid of dress, of perfume, by the skill of a Parisian maid, her beauty became dazzling. He was very proud of her; he liked to drive out with her, and see all the looks of admiration cast upon her; he liked to feel himself envied. She was, without exception, the fairest woman in Paris; and his pride in her was proportionately great.

The opera was then in full tide of success, and Doris never wearied of going there. It was not that she was particularly fond of music, but she enjoyed the triumph of her own bright presence; she was the observed of all observers. The sensation that her fair loveliness created was not to be surpassed.

One asked another "Who is she?"

"The beautiful Englishwoman, Mrs. Conyers."

"Who is Mrs. Conyers?"

No one knew, and there lay the sting; there was the one thorn in her garden of roses; she drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs; she missed no fete, no opera; she was introduced to gentlemen, but never to ladies; she had pleasant little dinners, where some of the wittiest conversation took place, but no ladies came near; and she would fain have seen herself envied by women as well as admired by men; that was the one thing she desired above all others. But there was no one to envy her.

She asked Lord Vivianne one day why it was. He looked at her and laughed a most peculiar laugh.

"I am afraid, Dora, that you must learn to be content with the society of gentlemen."

She understood, then, it was one of the penalties of her sin.

Another thing annoyed her and made the gaieties of Paris unpleasant to her. She was walking with Lord Vivianne in the Champs Elysees, and suddenly she saw him start, and looking at him, his face flushed hotly.

"How unfortunate!" he muttered to himself.

Then she saw in the distance a little group of English people; a young gentleman, who was talking to an elderly lady, with a mild, sad face, and a tall, dark girl, with proud, bright eyes.

The gentleman saw Lord Vivianne first, but instead of stopping to speak, his lordship turned quickly away, much to Doris' disappointment.

"I would not have missed seeing those people on any account," he said, impatiently.

"Why did you not speak to them?" she asked, wonderingly.

"How could I," he retorted, "while you were here?"

She made no reply, but the words struck her with a terrible pain.

She the fairest woman in Paris, she whom Earle called his queen—it was not to be borne.

She went home, resolved, if possible, to alter this state of things, and if she could not, to go away from Paris.

"We will go to Italy," she thought, "where he will not meet English people whom he knows."

Her desire was granted. Five days after that little scene she was with Lord Vivianne in one of the prettiest villas near Naples.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORK.—Aversion to labor is a fashion. It is an unnatural sentiment. It comes to us from the dark ages. The impulse to activity is inborn. Activity directed in some useful channel is called labor.

We should love it. Right-minded people do love it, and are lost without it; but it is not fashionable to say so. It is fashionable to shirk. It is a fashion with the fashionable to look down upon labor and the laborer.

This is wrong. Labor is the basis of comfort, the engine of progress. All honor to labor, whether of hand or brain. Activity is life; indolence is death. Work wins; laziness loses. "Who will not work neither shall he eat."

Whenever a boy or man has made up his mind to serve mankind in some useful employment of hand or brain, he has solved the problem of a truly successful life, and is sure to succeed if he tenaciously adheres to this determination. To be able to serve mankind well in some useful way is to make a success of life.

THE man who will not look ahead, will have to stay behind.

Bric-a-Brac.

WATER.—Sea anemones have been known to live for three or four years without any nourishment save what they extract from the water.

SMOKING.—Smoking in China is rather a tedious performance. The smoker fills the pipe with a small pinch of snuff-like Oriental tobacco, then lights it, and takes one long puff. This puff empties the pipe, and he then re-fills, re-lights, and re-puffs.

PAPER DRESS.—It is said that Japanese soldiers are being dressed in paper clothing. Their shirts and trousers are all composed of specially-prepared paper, of a yellowish color. They are bound with linen binding, and are partly pasted together and partly sewn with a machine. The soldiers are said to prefer paper clothing to any other. When the clothes, which are very durable, are worn out, they are simply thrown away and replaced by new ones.

ARTIFEX.—Wilkie drew his first pictures with a burnt stick on a barn door. Benjamin West made his first brushes out of hairs from the cat's tail. Ferguson made a map of the heavenly bodies by lying on his back in the fields and holding between his eye and the sky a thread of silk on which little beads were strung, and Franklin's implements were a kite and a key. With these he taught men the use of electricity, while Dr. Black discovered latent heat with a pan of water and two thermometers.

BEDS.—Beds were unknown amongst the ancients, who slept on the floor or on a divan covered with skins. It was in the middle ages that beds first became common, being made of rushes, leather or straw. It is supposed that feather beds were known to the Romans, since men are reviled by one of the Latin poets for their luxury in sleeping upon "feathers." Heliogabalus, the most effete of the Roman Emperors, possessed an air cushion and an air mattress as early as 210 A. D. In England, the better classes began to use feather beds for the first time during the reign of Henry VIII., and in certain districts of Holland and Germany bedsteads are still fitted as they were then, with two feather beds, upon one the sleeper lies, the other being used for a covering. The Russian peasant places his bed on the top of the oven for the sake of the warmth given out by the fire.

AUTOMATIC.—Every day a signal gun is fired from the citadel in Halifax, Nova Scotia, which, as we all know, is a British military and naval station. Twenty years ago the sergeant in charge of the gun daily regulated his watch at a jeweler's shop. Subsequently, this plan was discontinued, and a flag signal system was adopted. This was succeeded by a time-ball signal system. Some years later, on account of the frequent interferences with the signals by fog, a new arrangement for the firing of the gun was perfected. A wire is laid from the jeweler's establishment to the citadel, and this is connected with a clock which automatically fires the gun. When the minute hand reaches the proper point the circuit is completed, and the cannon is discharged by an electric current passing through the clock. The military authorities at the citadel are able by means of a switchboard to cut the gun out of the circuit, connecting it only a few minutes before the firing is to be done.

THE POTATO.—The potato originally came from South America where it grows wild. From Peru it was taken to Spain, passing thence into Italy as early as 1514. In 1588 a professor of the University of Leyden received two tubercules from the Papal Legate, which he cultivated; and, afterwards writing a history of rare plants, described the potato as being much cultivated in Italy as food for pigs. Admiral Drake introduced the vegetable directly into England from Virginia, after having first introduced it into the English colony from South America; but it was only when Sir Walter Raleigh brought it over a second time in 1623 that it began to be grown in the British Isles. In 1592 the innocent vegetable was made the subject of a special law by the parliament of Besancon, its use and cultivation being forbidden as a "pernicious substance," and as being conducive to leprosy. It is very interesting to note the dates after which its growth became general. In Lancashire after 1684, in Saxony after 1717, in Scotland after 1728, in Prussia after 1738, and after the great famine of 1771 throughout the whole of Germany.

RENUNCIATION.

BY L. M.

Will you play me the songs that you played long ago,
When beside us were others, who listened and dreamed,
While the summer night sank, as a soul sinks with woe,
And as tears, the pale stars in her drapery gleamed?

No less fair the hour present than hours past and gone,
For the silence is sacred, the wind-gushes balm,
And the moon, like a golden rose blooming floats on
Through the gardens of God, and their infinite calm.

And the windows to welcome the glory are wide,
And the room is a temple of perfume and peace;
And my once aching heart, thro' its loss purified,
Seems a hush of content which shall never more cease.

Very strong—having put away all that is vain—
I may listen and marvel the tune is so pure;
Very quiet at last, having measured great pain,
I may follow each delicate fanciful lure.

All the feverish dreams of a desperate soul
Are renounced—all the passionate pride of my youth,
All the aims and desires that long baffled control—
Deep deceits and slow snares bearing semblance of truth.

And the tender old songs with a quaint burthen filled,
Will awaken no flush of disquiet in me:
For my soul is enlightened, and strengthened, and stilled
By the love that has been, and the peace that shall be!

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

His hands clenched and his lips worked; he looked like a copy of his father at that moment.

"You are going—alone? You have money?"

"Yes, I am going alone, as I came; and I take with me just the money and the few trinkets which I deem belong to me. I leave everything else to Mr. Sapley; you will find that nothing has been disturbed, that it is all as Lord Wharton left it."

"My God! it is too much!" he said, half-maddened by her coolness, by the stab contained in every low-spoken word. "I say you shall not go! You shall not go until you have had time to think—to come to some agreement!" He took a step forward, with his hand outstretched, as if actually to take hold of her.

Claire's face went white as marble, but she did not move. "Do not attempt to stop me. Do not dare to touch me. We are within hearing of the servants. If I call to them for help, Mr. Mordaunt Sapley, they will not recognise you as their master yet, and will protect me."

Memory is a strange thing. There flashed across her mind the scene in the plantation when Gerald had beaten this man for ill-treating the dog, and she added, "I am not a helpless animal, to come to your call, Mr. Sapley; you cannot punish me for not doing so, as you punished the dog in the plantation!"

Mordaunt shrank back, startled and overwhelmed by her allusion. She raised her hand and pointed to the house. "Go on to the house, and leave me to go my way!"

There was something in her voice, in her gesture, before which Mordaunt's craven spirit perforce yielded, and he actually turned and walked away, with the air and gait of a beaten hound. Claire did not watch him, but stood, motionless, until his footsteps had died away, then she went on—into the new life which awaited her.

* * * * * *

Claire went on to the station, got her bag, and took a ticket for Waterloo. She had almost taken a first class before she remembered that she was no longer the mistress of Court Regna; and her pale face colored slightly at the respectful air of surprise with which the booking-office clerk handed her a third.

The train was not a crowded one, and she had the compartment to herself. She was too tired and over-strained to sleep, and almost too outworn to think, but halfway on her journey it suddenly occurred to her that Mordaunt Sapley might follow her, or instruct someone to play the spy upon her movements; and though she was not afraid of Mordaunt Sapley, she had no desire to have anything further to do with him. She had relinquished Court Regna to him and his father, and, if it were possible, she wanted to forget both the place and the men into whose hands it had fallen. Whenever she thought of Mordaunt's avowal of love, and his father's insolent proposal, the blood burnt in her face, and a choking sensation came into her throat.

Yes, she had done with the old life of ease and luxury forever; she was going back to the world of labor and poverty from which she had sprung, and the sooner she taught herself to forget Court Regna and the position which she had held, the better for her.

She sighed as she thought how difficult it would be; for had she not found it impossible to forget Gerald Wayre!

Instead of waiting till the train got to Waterloo, she alighted at Clapham Junction. Now Clapham Junction, though an extremely convenient place from which to start on a journey to any point of the compass, is not, to put it mildly, a very inviting place as seen from the station, though if Claire had walked a very little way she would have found herself in an extremely pleasant neighborhood, in which are some of those delightful old mansions, with which the suburbs of London are so rich. But she didn't like the view from the station, and she took a train that was starting from another platform and got out at Streatham.

Streatham is, in its way, unique. She saw a High Street of pretty, red-brick houses and shops, with a wide and pretty common beyond, and trees and flowers in plenty. She could scarcely believe that she was only a few mile from the great noisy Babylon.

A sharp-eyed urchin offered to carry her bag, and she set out to find some place in which to lay her head. She had to walk some distance to a more closely-built part of the town before she could find a card of "apartments" in a window, and when she did, her heart began to fail her.

But she plucked up courage and knocked at the door. A young girl opened it, and, scarcely waiting for Claire's enquiry, fled down the passage, calling "Mother."

A respectable-looking woman, with anxious eyes and mouth, appeared, and asked Claire in. Claire said she wanted a room, only one room and not an expensive one. She could not say for how long she would require it; it all depended upon—upon circumstances.

The woman eyed the beautiful face and the graceful figure with timid suspicion for a moment or two, then something in Claire's eyes—and very probably the presence of the expensive bag—reassured her, and she took Claire upstairs, and showed her a room. It was small and plainly furnished, and scrupulously clean.

"It's the only room I have, miss—ma'am," she said, hesitatingly, enquiringly.

"My name is Sartoris, Miss Claire Sartoris," said Claire. "I have come from the country to look for employment."

The woman glanced at Claire's dress, which, though plain in form, was obviously of good and fashionable material, and seemed puzzled; then she sighed as if Claire's business was none of hers.

"The rent will be a pound a week, miss," she said. "You can take your meals in this little sitting room," and she opened another door.

Claire had not intended to pay so much, but the cleanliness of the place was inviting; and indeed, she was too tired to continue her search.

"I will take the room, for a week, at least," she said.

"Very good, miss," said the landlady, "I will do my best to make you comfortable. I have only one other lodger, a lady, and you will find the house very quiet."

"I am sure I shall be very comfortable," said Claire.

The bag was brought up, and the landlady got her some tea, and Claire sat down and tried to realise that she was herself, and that the little room was, at any rate for a time, her home.

After she had got through her tea—it took her some time to get through, though it was only the cup that cheers, and does not inebriate, and bread and butter—she got out her writing-case and wrote a letter to Mrs. Lexton.

It was a difficult letter to write, for Claire could not tell her the whole of the circumstances and had to conceal from her the fact that she, Claire, only possessed a few dollars in the world.

She dared not even send Mrs. Lexton her address, for she knew that the tender-hearted woman would leave even the sick-bed at which she was a ministering angel, to fly to Claire's assistance. And Claire did not want even Mary Lexton. She had resolved to fight the battle alone, and not to be a burden upon anyone.

So she said that circumstances had arisen which necessitated her leaving the Court; that she had come up to London, but did not know whether she should remain there. It was very probable that she might go abroad.

She wrote as lovingly as she dared, and as cheerfully as if her leaving the Court so suddenly had been prompted by a whim, and she promised to write again as soon as she had "settled down."

Then she went to bed, and, strange to say, slept soundly. It is true, she dreamed, but still stranger to say, she dreamed of Gerald, and that night at the Court when he had leaned over the piano and called her by her Christian name.

The next morning, after breakfast, she went out and bought a newspaper, and, returning with it, sat down to commence her search for that which is so difficult to obtain now-a-days—work.

Like a great many young women in her situation, she asked herself what she could do. She was well-educated—Lord Wharton had engaged good masters for her when she had first come to the Court—she could speak French and German fluently, and play the piano with a skill and something than the feeling which most English ladies display.

It seemed to her that it ought not to be difficult to get a governess' situation. She was fond of children, and felt sure that she could learn the art of teaching.

She pored over the advertisements for half an hour, then selected two and answered them, stating her qualifications.

There were other advertisements offering situations to lady clerks and typewriters; but Claire shrank from the confinement which a clerkship meant, and she had never so much as seen a type-writer.

She went out and posted her letters, and walked round the pretty common until dinner time. As she was going along the passage to her room on her return, a lady came down the stairs.

Claire was rather startled, for the lady wore the garb of a Sister of Mercy. As she came down, she raised her bent head and looked at Claire.

Claire caught a glimpse of a pale face, with patient eyes shining softly beneath a deeply-lined brow and snow-white hair; it was only a glimpse, for the Sister lowered her veil and passed on with head again bent.

Claire wondered whether that was her fellow lodger, and asked the question of the landlady's daughter, who was tidying Claire's room.

The girl was a shy, common-place child, who was called, absurdly enough, "Queenie," though anything less regal could scarcely be imagined.

The absurdity of the name was heightened by the fact that she was shabbily dressed in old finery, and that she did not possess a single "H."

"Yes, miss," she said, with a Cockney-smile, half shy and half familiar. "That's the other lodger, she's Sister Agnes! Ma's 'ad 'er for years. She's a very quiet lady, and quite a lady, Ma says, though she is a Sister and poor."

"Has she no other name?" asked Claire, in whom the sweet and patient face had aroused a deep interest.

"Not as we've ever 'eard, miss. She's called Sister Agnes, and that's all. She ain't what you'd call a regular Sister, but she works with our clergyman, she's orfully good to the poor, and goes reading to them and nursing them when they're ill. Ma says that she gives nearly all her money away, and that she leaves scarcely enough to keep 'erself on.

"She don't pay much, but she don't give no trouble, and she's that quiet and gentle like, that you'd scarcely know that she was in the 'ouse. It's better than 'aving single gentlemen. Them single gentlemen is orful! Mrs. Brown over the way 'as got one.

"He comes home drunk every night, and carries on dreadful; sometimes he opens the winder and sings comic songs at the top of 'is voice. You'll 'ear 'im one night, miss. Oh, Ma says, please would you like a tapioca or a rice? Some people likes one and some likes the other, and Ma says she should like to know?"

Claire absently declared for the tapioca, and Queenie departed.

The day wore away slowly enough. But the next morning Claire saw, with a leap of her heart, two letters lying on her breakfast table.

They must be the letters in response to her answers to the advertisements! She opened them with a nervous eagerness. Both the letters were brief requests that she would call at certain addresses.

She could scarcely believe in her good fortune, for she had always heard that there were so many applications for every vacant situation.

It struck her that both notes were written in business-like hands, and that their form was very much alike; but she was too excited to pay much attention to this.

She could scarcely eat any breakfast, and, putting on her things, hurried off to the first address, which was in Trinity street. It was a private house of good appearance, but she was rather surprised at being shown into a kind of office, and still more surprised when a young man, who looked like a clerk, rose from a desk and asked her her business, just as an ordinary clerk is in the habit of doing. Claire explained, and handed him the letter.

"Oh, ah, yes!" he said, in a listless way. "Indoor or outdoor?" And he opened the ledger and took up his pen.

"I don't understand," said Claire. "I wrote in answer to an advertisement asking for a governess in the family of a lady. Does she not live here? Perhaps I have mistaken the house?"

"No, it's all right," said the young man, in a tired kind of way. "We put the advertisement in. It's the regular thing."

"The regular thing?" said Claire.

"Yes, this is a registry office." He checked himself suddenly, as it struck by Claire's innocence, and in a different tone went on, "Oh, er—that lady's suited, but we've several other applications. If you will give me your name and address, and your qualifications, I'll enter them in our register, and send you word when we hear of anything likely to suit you. There's a fee of half a crown," he added, as an afterthought.

Claire began to understand. She was not quite so foolish as to part with her half-crown, but confined herself to thanking the young man, and went out Stifling her disappointment as well as she could, she took a 'bus to the second address.

Again it was a private house, with a well to-do appearance, and again she found herself in an office-like apartment, and confronted with a clerk-like youth; but he was inclined to be insolent until he met one of Claire's direct looks.

"Situation's gone," he said. "Put your name down, if you like."

"This is a registry-office, then?" said Claire.

The youth grinned, and twirled an incipient moustache.

"What did you think it was?" he asked.

Claire said very quietly that she thought it would have been the private house of a lady advertising for a governess.

The youth laughed again, and arranged his hair with a be-ringed and rather dirty hand.

"That's what they all think," he said. "But it's all right enough! We do get a good many situations for our clients, honor bright! You pay the fee—it's half-a-crown—and I'll put your name down and keep a look out; I will, really. Look 'ere, I've got several others before you, but I'll put you first on the list; I will!"

Claire looked at him as if she did not see him, and left the office. Her heart was very heavy as she went home, all the heavier for the hope which had lightened it in the morning. She wondered how many poor girls had been deceived, as she had been, by this heartless trick!

She bought several newspapers that evening and answered several advertisements which, upon consideration, she deemed genuine. But no answers came. But she would not despair, and every day she wrote applications for situations of various kinds.

One day, the beginning of the second week, a letter came from a lady who had advertised for a governess, asking Claire to go and see her.

Claire went, with hope once more springing within her bosom. The house was in one of the fashionable squares, and a handsomely-appointed carriage stood at the door, which a footman opened to her.

He conducted her to a beautifully-furnished room on the first floor, and said that his mistress would be disengaged in a few minutes.

The room was divided from the adjoining apartment by curtains only, and Claire

could hear two ladies talking. She could hear them quite plainly.

"She gave me notice!" said one. "Of course, if I had thought that she would have flown into a temper, I shouldn't have spoken to her. I shouldn't have dared to do so; though, really, she was anything but a good cook. I'm sure I don't know what I shall do!"

"It's so difficult to get a cook of any kind," said the other lady.

"Yes," assented the first. "And they ask such wages! I give this one twenty-eight pounds a year."

In her advertisement for a governess she had offered twenty-five.

"I'm afraid you will have to give more than that," said her friend. "You won't get anything decent under thirty pounds."

Claire listened with a sad smile, that was also just a little bitter. Presently the visitor took her departure, and Claire was shown into the other room.

Her interview with the lady was a brief one. It appeared that what she wanted was a lady who could teach English, French, Latin, the piano, and the violin to three girls and two boys.

Claire was prepared to undertake the English, the French, and even the piano, but, alas! she did not know Latin or the violin; and the lady, who appeared to be quite surprised by such phenomenal ignorance on the part of anyone applying for the position of governess, rather curtly declined such insufficient services.

The tears were very near Claire's eyes as she left the house. Then, suddenly she remembered the story of Gerald's struggles, as he had told them to her that morning outside the chapel.

Surely a woman ought to possess as much courage as a man! She would not give way to despair and own herself vanquished. There must be some work for a woman to do, if she could only find it. If she could only find it!

She was sitting over her tea with a bad headache and a worse heartache, and was counting over what remained of her money, when Queenie came in with some more hot water.

"You're home earlier than usual, Queenie," said Claire, for the sake of saying something.

"Yes, miss," said the girl. "One of our teachers is ill, and the 'ead mistress dismissed the school half an hour earlier, 'cos she 'as to do all the work. She was a'most worried to death, the other teacher going so sudden like. I don't know what she'll do to-morrer, I'm sure. They say the other teacher is very bad indeed, and that she won't be able to come back to the school even if she gets better. I'm sorry, for she wasn't so 'ard as Miss Gover, the 'ead-mistress."

An idea occurred to Claire. It is wonderful how quickly ideas come when necessity sharpens the wits!

"That large red building at the end of the street, is your school, isn't it, Queenie?" she said.

"Yes, miss," said Queenie. "Was you thinking of applying for the place, miss," she added, with Cockney sharpness.

"Yes, that was just what I was thinking of doing," said Claire.

"Then I'd go at once, miss," said the girl, shrewdly. "There'll be hundreds and shoals directly they know there's a vacancy!"

"I'll go at once," said Claire, and she put on her hat and jacket and started there and then.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE schoolhouse door was ajar, and receiving a sharp little "Come in!" in answer to her knock, Claire entered the large schoolroom.

For a moment or two she could not see from whom the "Come in," had proceeded; then she saw, seated at a table in a distant corner, a tiny little woman, with dark and piercing eyes, shining from a pale, overworked face.

A heap of exercise books lay on the table before her, and it was evident that she was hard at work correcting them, and did not welcome the interruption.

Strangely enough, Claire felt more nervous in the presence of this little creature with the sharp eyes and sallow face than she had felt during all her interviews with employers of a higher station.

There was something disconcerting in the steady scrutiny, which seemed, so to speak, to take Claire to pieces and examine her microscopically.

"I wish to see Miss Gover," she said, though she felt sure that, notwithstanding her seedy appearance, this must be the head-mistress.

"I am Miss Gover," was the response, in a sharp, clear, decisive voice.

"I heard that you were in want of an under-teacher," said Claire.

A faint astonishment showed itself in Miss Gover's face.

"Will you take a seat?" he said. "How did you hear this?"

Claire felt as if she were a schoolgirl again, coming up for punishment.

"I heard it from my landlady's—Mrs. Holland's—little girl. I only heard it five minutes ago, and I ventured to come here at once, because I hoped that you would allow me to take the under-teacher's place until she got better."

"She will never get better," said Miss Gover, in a low voice. "But that's not the question. Will you tell me your name?"

Claire told her. Miss Gover wrote it down on a slip of paper.

"What certificates have you?" she asked.

"I have none," said Claire, her heart sinking.

"No certificates!" said Miss Gover, rising. Claire rose too. "Where have you been teaching?"

"I have never taught," said Claire.

Miss Gover looked at her curiously.

"You seem to be very ignorant of the qualifications that are necessary for a school teacher nowadays. This is not a Board school, but a teacher has to hold a certificate, all the same. Did you not know this?"

Claire felt that her eyes were beginning to fill with tears. But she fought against them, and even smiled.

"I ought to have known it," she said. "I ought to have remembered, but I didn't stop to think. I have been trying to find work for so long, and it is very difficult to obtain. There are so many things wanted. And when one is poor one grasps at the least chance."

Miss Gover looked at Claire, and in the glance seemed to take in every detail of her dress.

"You've not always been poor?" she said. "But I beg your pardon!"

"There is no need," said Claire, gently. "No, I've not always been poor. It is only lately. You will forgive me for troubling you. I see, now, how presumptuous it was! I must not keep you from your work any longer."

The beautiful face, the sweet, musical and beautiful voice, had their effects upon the sharp, but kind hearted little mistress.

"Wait a moment," she said. "Please sit down," and she pointed to a chair, as if Claire was one of her schoolgirls. "What is it you think you can teach?"

Claire said, quite humbly—fancy Claire Sartoris, the mistress of Court Regna, humble!—that she thought she could teach English, French, and German, and music.

Miss Gover nodded.

"That would be more than enough," she said; "but there is still the difficulty of the certificates. I could not engage the most capable person in the world if she had not passed the necessary examinations. I am very sorry, because I should like to take you."

Claire was silent for a moment, then she looked up quickly.

"You mean that I could not be a paid teacher," she said. "Yes, I quite understand; but could you—would you let me come and help you, without receiving a salary?"

Miss Gover looked at her.

"What good would that do you?" she said, briskly.

"It would do me a very great deal of good," said Claire. "It would mean work, something to do, something to keep me from thinking and brooding." She stopped, and pressed her lips together.

"And I should be gaining experience. Perhaps, while I am here, trying to help you, I might endeavor to pass the examination. Then, if this poor girl should not recover—but, indeed, indeed, I hope she may!"

Miss Gover shook her head.

"It doesn't sound fair," she said.

"Please do not refuse me," pleaded Claire. "I will try my very hardest to be of use to you. I am very strong, and not easily tired, and I am fond of children; I will do whatever you tell me, and I will promise not to be disappointed, or, at any rate, not to make it hard for you to get rid of me if you should find I cannot help you."

The little woman leant her head upon her hand and looked at Claire strangely. The humility of this beautiful girl, whose air and carriage so plainly bespoke the lady, touched her acutely.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "Of course, I am answerable to my Board of Management. But I imagine," with a little smile, "they will not object to my getting an assistant so cheaply. Well, I will risk it. You may come."

Claire's face flushed.

"How can I thank you?" she faltered.

"I will help you with your examination," continued Miss Gover, "and if you should pass—and it isn't very difficult for an educated woman—I will do my best to procure you the situation. Fortunately for you, we have no pupil teachers for the present, or, of course, I should have to give one of them the chance."

Claire murmured her thanks again.

"Let me see, Mrs. Holland's is number 29, isn't it?" said Miss Gover. "Now, will you give me a couple of references, please?"

Claire's face flushed, and then went pale.

"References?" she repeated, in a low voice. "I am afraid I cannot."

The head-mistress laid down her pen and looked at her with surprise, and a shadow of suspicion; only a shadow, which passed in a moment.

"Surely you must know two persons who would—who would vouch for your respectability?"

Claire's lips quivered as she shook her head.

"No," she faltered, "I know no one. I have been very foolish to come to you, to forget how impossible it would be for any person to employ me without references. But I forgot that, as I forgot my want of certificates. I am—respectable." She smiled sadly. "But I am afraid I have no one who would vouch for me."

There was a pause.

"I wish I could tell you my whole story! A week or two ago I was rich, or thought myself so; but I discovered, quite suddenly, that I had been under a delusion. I left my home and came to London. The few friends I possess do not know where I am. I am," she smiles again, "proud. I could not be a burden on my friends. If they—one of them, at least—knew that I had lost all my money she would insist upon my sharing her small means. I could not do that. I am young and strong, and I ought to be able to earn my own living."

The little woman got up and paced up and down, with her hands behind her, like a man—or a schoolmistress.

"What am I to do?" she said. "I believe every word you've said——"

"Yes, it is quite true," murmured Claire.

"I should like to have you come and help me, and I—yes, I would take you without references. But what would the Board say! I can't do it!"

"I know!" said Claire in a low voice, which she tried to keep steady. "And though you cannot let me come, I am very grateful to you for wishing to help me—for believing and trusting in me."

"Don't cry!" said the schoolmistress sharply, as if she were chiding a girl.

"I am not crying," said Claire, passing her hand quickly over her eyes. "But yours are the first words of kindness, yours is the first offer of help, since I came to London, and—I will go now. Good-bye," she held out her hand.

Miss Gover still paced up and down, with her head bent, a frown upon her face.

"It sounds impossible!" she exclaimed. "Surely you have some person—one person—who will answer for you?"

Claire shook her head sadly.

"There is no one to whom I could apply without letting them know whow low I have fallen; and I will not do that while I have a shilling left: I have not many. If I cannot get a situation as a governess or a teacher, I will find some work to do for which references are not necessary."

The mistress sighed.

"I am very sorry!" she said, regretfully. "Come, think! Is there no one who will answer for you?"

"No," said Claire.

"Yes, I will answer for her," said a low voice at the end of the room.

Both women started, and looked round. In the darkness which had gathered while they had been talking, stood the figure of a Sister of Mercy.

It was Sister Agnes. She had entered the room in her noiseless way, and, unseen, had heard the last part of the conversation. She stood perfectly motionless, with her hands folded before her, her colorless face as placid and emotionless as that of a mediæval saint.

"Sister Agnes!" exclaimed Miss Gover. Claire looked at the black robed woman, who had come to her aid in silent suspense.

"You know Miss Sartoris, Sister?" asked the mistress.

Sister Agnes came slowly towards them.

"I will answer for her," she said. "I know nothing of her history, but I live in the same house with her. I have seen and heard her speak."

Something in the low, patient voice touched Claire to the heart, and, trembling she sank into a chair. The Sister's eyes rested upon her with infinite pity and tenderness.

"Are you satisfied?" she asked of the mistress.

Miss Gover nodded.

"Of course, if you will act as a reference, Sister Agnes, I am satisfied; and so will the Board be."

She turned to Claire. "Sister Agnes is the best known person in this district, and anyone she vouches for would be accepted!"

Claire rose and tried to speak, but the words of gratitude would not come. Sister Agnes laid her hand upon Claire's arm. The touch was as soft and light as a snowflake, but there was something mesmeric in it, and it stilled Claire's throbbing heart.

"You had better come to-morrow morning, at half-past eight," said Miss Gover, "so that we may have time to talk matters over and arrange your duties. You will find the work hard—she sighed, and the lines deepened on her brow—"but it will not be unpleasant if you grow to like it. The girls are troublesome sometimes, but they are nearly all good-hearted and do their best!"

"I am not afraid of hard work," said Claire. "I will try my very best. Not only for my own sake, but," she looked through her tears at Sister Agnes—"but for yours."

"Come home now, my child," said the Sister, and with bent head and folded hands, she led the way.

"I want to thank you!" said Claire, when they got outside, "but I cannot; my heart is too full. I will tell you all my story."

The Sister raised her meek eyes, and smiled almost reproachfully.

"That would not be thanking me," she said. "I do not want you to justify my trust in you. You shall tell me your story some day, but not now, my dear child. Go home and rest, so that you may gain strength for the work you are starting on to-morrow. Do not be afraid. That little woman's heart is bigger than her body; it is only her manner that is hard. Behind it is a nature as soft and loving as that which you hide behind the mask of pride."

Claire hung her head.

"Beware of pride, my child! Friends were given us that we might make use of their friendship, for their good as well as our own."

"If you knew!" faltered Claire.

"I do not blame you though I do not know all. I can see that you have suffered, that you are still in trouble. There is no balm for an aching heart like work. I speak from sad, and sweet, experience. Our ways part here; I am going to see a sick child for whom even work is ending." As she spoke, she touched Claire's arm again and passed away like a shadow.

Claire went home, but she could not rest. It seemed to her as if an angel from Heaven in the form of Sister Agnes had come forward to help her. It seemed too wonderful to be true!

She went out after awhile and bought two or three school-books, and studied them late into the night. She could scarcely sleep for thinking of this great, good fortune, of the kindness of the two women; but she was at the school next morning before the clock had chimed half-past eight.

Miss Gover received her kindly, but in a business-like way. She explained the school routine, and, so to speak, put Claire through her paces, and Claire blushed with delight when Miss Gover said curtly.

"There will be no difficulty about your examination; you will pass easily enough."

At nine o'clock the girls came trooping in and Claire's duties commenced. She had a class of fifteen girls. They were, of course, the smallest of the children, but Claire almost felt afraid of them. They seemed all so preternaturally sharp, and they eyed her with that peculiar acuteness which London children alone possess.

Claire was astonished at their quickness and shrewdness, and was rather aghast at the readiness with which they seized upon any salient fact in the lesson; their intelligence was as sharp as a razor. Deeply occupied as she was, she found time to observe Miss Gover. The headmistress was a born mistress; and as Claire looked at her, she thought of Napoleon—ridiculous as the parallel may seem.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RETURN!

BY S. W. C.

Oh, Love, you came to me before,
'Twas in the summer of the year,
And sought admittance at the door
Of my fond heart, which, filled with fear,
Answered: Thou canst not enter here.
Love, go thy way,
Some other day!
And I will listen to thy lay!

For I was young and would be free
A little while, a little while,
And so the door was closed to thee
And to the summer of thy smile,
Yet now I call thee back, entle.
Oh, Love, I pray,
Come, come to-day,
And I will listen to thy lay!

Yet Love will never come at will,
Nor beck, nor call, nor heeds the pain
Of aching hearts, nor longing thrill
Which fills us, yet I call again,
Daily as one who knows 'tis vain.
Oh, Love, I pray,
Return to-day,
And I will listen to thy lay!

Our Flat.

BY G. L. G.

"I REALLY cannot stand this state of affairs much longer, Susan!" I exclaimed energetically one morning to my younger sister of that name. "If something is not done soon, I shall be killed with worry and excitement!"

"You think too much about it, Eliza," returned Susan, "and you let it prey upon your mind. If you would only give your attention to something else for awhile, I am sure it would be better for you."

My only reply to this absurd suggestion was a contemptuous toss of the head. As if it were possible that I could think of anything else whilst such extraordinary and mysterious things were taking place around me every hour of the day! But it was never of any use arguing with Susan, and I had long since given it up for a bad job.

Perhaps however it would be just as well if I were to explain who we were, and why we felt so interested in our neighbors and our surroundings.

Well, my sister Susan and myself were maiden ladies of what is usually termed an "uncertain age." There was no uncertainty about ourselves however. I was fifty-three, and Susan was forty-nine years old. Our father had been a Baptist minister, and in his day had been considered quite a celebrated "light."

A faint halo of his renown still attached to us amongst the members of the chapel to which he had formerly belonged, although at the time I am writing of he had been in his grave nearly twenty years. "The two Misses Daniel," as we were called, were treated with great respect by every one, notwithstanding the well-known scarcity of money in our household and the difficulty that we had to make both ends meet.

Most of our life, since our lamented father's death, had been passed in lodgings; but we are so extremely unfortunate in our landladies that at last, after much discussion and great misgiving, we decided to try the experiment of taking a flat.

After wasting a great deal of time and money in searching for one that would meet our requirements and suit our pockets, our efforts were crowned with success, and we agreed to take one in the neighborhood of Shepherd's Bush.

It consisted of one bed-room, one sitting-room, a kitchen, and a box-room, and the rent was fifteen shillings a week. We were to wait upon ourselves, and our flat was on the third floor.

Immediately below us, on the second floor, lived a most estimable couple named Higgins, who attended the same place of worship that we did, and who had been the means of first drawing our attention to our new residence.

The first floor was occupied by a Major and Mrs. Darcy, very haughty and disagreeable people. He was home on sick leave from India, and their little boy was one of the naughtiest little wretches that it was ever my fate to come across.

Mrs. Darcy, poor woman, would have been all right if it had not been for her husband. She always said "Good-morning" to us very politely whenever we chanced to meet on the stairs; and no doubt we should have become very friendly if the Major had not interfered and put a stop to our intimacy.

It was so very provoking—just, too, as I was getting to know all about them and their affairs—but some people are awfully afraid of saying a word about themselves, and the Major was one of that sort.

It was not the first-floor folk only however that I was going to tell about. I want to make clear what kind of people it was that I had around me at the time I am writing of, and how little advice or help one could get from them in case of necessity.

When we first went to our new rooms, the flat above ours—that is to say, the fourth floor—was unoccupied; but unluckily it did not remain so for long; and it is of the people who came to reside in it that I wish to speak, and show what ample grounds I had for the suspicions that I entertained regarding them.

Late one Sunday evening, when respectable folk were thinking of going to bed, the porter's bell was rung, and a man and a woman asked to see the rooms that were advertised to be let.

The porter, of course, ought to have declined to transact any business on the Sabbath day, and have asked them to call again; but, being a very worldly mercenary man, for the sake of getting the commission which would accrue to him for letting the rooms, he did as they requested him, and took them up to the fourth floor.

After examining them carefully and poking in all the cupboards, and actually measuring the size of the rooms, they agreed to take them for $2.25 a week—I happened quite accidentally to overhear all the particulars—and announced their intention of commencing to occupy them on the following day, as they were extremely dissatisfied with their present apartments.

Of course the porter asked them for references; and he declared to me afterwards that they gave thoroughly satisfactory ones, which I decline to believe, as he positively refused to tell me whose they were, and did not seem to know himself—else why did he maintain such an obstinate silence on the subject?

It is very rarely that people baffle me when I make up my mind to know anything. The only thing I extracted from him was their names, and this only after persistent questionings.

"There can be no harm in my doing that," he said disagreeably, "although some people do object to live next door to a ferret!" (I wonder why people in the lower class of society are all so exceedingly rude!) "Their name is 'Siddons'—now you have it—Mr. and Mrs. Siddons! And that's all I've got to say on the matter!"

Then if that stupid man did not keep his word and go away to his own room without vouchsafing me another syllable!

Now you must know, as a curious trait in my character, that I thoroughly detest anything at all mysterious—"All open and above-board" is my motto—and it became evident only too soon that the word "mysterious" was the only one at all possible to use with reference to our new neighbors.

I myself am not of a suspicious temperament—far from it—and, as for Susan, she would take every one at their own valuation—but we both agreed that something was wrong with those Siddonses; and, after a while, on talking things over with Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, they expressed themselves as being quite of my mind, and advised me to keep an eye on them for the safety of the house.

Fortified by their opinion, I acknowledged frankly that I considered it would be only right to do so for all our interests; and I promised that I would faithfully relate to them everything that I discovered.

It was the fatigue and annoyance caused by my careful espionage that made me utter the impatient exclamation—

"If something is not done soon, I shall be killed with worry and excitement!"

Mr. Siddons was apparently about twenty-eight years old, talk, dark, with coal-black eyes and dark complexion. He had a slight dark mustache, but no beard or whiskers. I do not deny that he was handsome, but it was more after the style of Lucifer than I care for myself.

His wife was small and slight, with blue eyes and golden-brown hair; and she looked as if a breath of rough wind would spirit her away. My heart bled for her many a time, poor thing; but she never complained. Vile language and blows alike she accepted in silence from that handsome two-legged hypocrite whom she called her husband, and who petted and fussed over her in public, only to mislead people as to his ill-treatment of her in private.

It was my opinion then, and is now, that they were never married at all, and that she was afraid of complaining for fear he should leave her; otherwise she would have plucked up a little spirit now and again, and have defied him.

One night in particular I shall never forget; it was in December, and bitterly cold. The Siddonses had been out all day, and returned home about twelve o'clock at night, muffled up in dark cloaks, more like burglars than respectable people.

I should have gone to bed hours before with Susan, only I had made it a point of honor to find out when they came in at night; and I should never have slept a wink for wondering what had become of them.

Well, about midnight I heard the street-door open and footsteps come creeping up the stairs in a way that made my blood run cold. It was "our mysterious neighbors," as we called them, and, after they had shut themselves up in their own room, I took off my shoes and crept softly upstairs after them to try to discover something of their doings.

They spoke so quietly at first that I could hardly hear a word, but after a while very little escaped my ears. He was urging her to do something that she did not want to do, and then he threatened to strike her if she again refused. She fell at his feet and threw her arms around him—I saw it all most distinctly through the keyhole—crying, oh, so piteously, "Bernard — Bernard, forgive!" Then again, "Don't force me to commit this awful crime!" or words to that effect—I am sure I heard the word "crime."

He only thrust her away from him, and replied in tones that made my flesh creep—

"I swear——"

At this moment my nerves gave way. I thought he would murder the poor little thing before my very eyes; so I called out, as loud as I dared—

"For shame, Mr. Siddons! How can you have the heart to wrong and frighten your poor wife like that? Let her alone—do—or I'll rouse the house!"

I heard him mutter something about "that tiresome old maid again," and walk towards the door with a fierce step; but, before he could open it, I had reached my own room, and roused up Susan, to tell her the strange things I had discovered, and to ask her what steps I had better take in the matter.

I must say that for once she was interested, and listened eagerly, especially when I mentioned that the woman called her husband "Bernard." Then she got really excited.

"Why, Eliza, there must be something wrong with them," she cried, "for his name is 'Lionel Geoffrey,' and she always calls him 'Geoff!'"

"Some day you will appreciate me," I replied proudly, "and learn that I am never wrong in my estimate of other people! I have an instinct which is infallible. Now I had better go and tell Mrs. Higgins, I suppose."

"I should wait till to-morrow to do that," said Susan. "They will be fast asleep now, and it will frighten them if you rouse them up."

It was a trial of one's patience, but I agreed to wait, especially as I firmly believed that, after my indignant remonstrance, the man would not torment his wife any more that night.

The next morning I was not disappointed in the effect that the news had upon the Higginses. They were just paralysed by it, and did not know what steps to advise me to take in the matter. I think we should have spoken to a policeman about it, only, happening to meet Mrs. Darcy, I just incidentally mentioned the subject to her; and she said—very rudely, I thought—

"If I were you, Miss Daniels, I would not interfere quite so much in other people's affairs; you may get yourself into trouble one of these days. I am sure that you are mistaken in saying that Mr. Siddons ill-treats his wife! I am intimately acquainted with them, and can assure you that they are the most devoted couple I know."

Then she swept past me with quite a grand air; and, although I took her advice so far as not telling the police about it, yet she did not deceive me. It was the handsome face of Mr. Geoffrey Siddons that made her his friend; and I very soon discovered one reason why he was so unkind to his poor wife—he had fallen in love with Mrs. Darcy, and she encouraged him most shamefully.

On mentioning this idea to the Higginses, they quite agreed with me, and said it was disgraceful, and, if things did not soon change for the better, we should have to look out for a different abode if we desired to retain our respectability, for the atmosphere of our present home was certainly demoralised.

After this little accident, I had four people to watch instead of two; and I grew quite worn and thin with anxiety. I discovered some dreadful secrets, and my suspicions concerning Mrs. Darcy and Mr. Siddons soon became a dead certainty.

One evening about six o'clock I happened to be out shopping, and, as I was returning home by a short cut, whom should I meet but those two wicked people arm-in-arm! He was looking down lovingly into her face, and she was crying bitterly.

I was so surprised you might have knocked me down with a feather; and I could hardly restrain myself from rushing up to them and taxing them with their guilty conduct.

However, I controlled myself by a superhuman effort, and went home, where, at any rate, I had the relief of telling the particulars to my friends; and we agreed that for the future we must avoid the culprits as much as possible.

However, I determined to tell poor little Mrs. Siddons, for whom I really was much concerned; but I am sorry to say that she met all my well-meant insinuations with scorn, and utterly declined to hear a word on the subject. She was also very untruthful, and denied right out that her husband had ever ill treated her.

I must say that I was shocked at this, and my sympathy cooled greatly. But, being determined that no responsibility should rest upon my shoulders, I contented myself with writing her an anonymous letter, telling her all the facts of the case, and stating that the information came from a friend of her husband's.

About this time I caught a fearful cold from standing without my shoes upon their landing, trying to pick up scraps of information; but I was not very successful.

For some reason or other they had hung a thick curtain over the door, which prevented me from seeing anything through the keyhole and made the sound of their voices very faint. However, I gathered enough to know that he was still urging her to commit some crime, and I began to fear lest her resolution should give way to his persistence.

After consulting with the Higginses, whose sympathy and advice I found invaluable in those days, I decided upon writing her a little note, offering to help her to escape from her husband's thraldom, and also offering her a home until she could arrange her plans for the future.

Imagine my disgust when her husband answered my letter in person, carrying it in his hand, and using the most awful language about it that I ever heard in the whole course of my life!

He said that, if I had been a man, he would have horse-whipped me, and that, if I meddled any more in his affairs, he would prosecute me.

I laughed when he said that, but I began to see that I must exercise more caution in my movements if I wished to succeed in convicting him of any offence against the law; so, after this stormy interview, I decided to go away for a few days and pay a long-promised visit to a friend of mine, in order to throw them off their guard.

My plan answered admirably, and, when I returned home at the end of a fortnight, my presence in the house was quite unknown. Then indeed I discovered with what a consummate villain I had to contend; and I longed more than ever to be the means of getting him well punished.

On the night that I returned home, I found that Major Darcy was very ill—a bilious attack, his wife said it was—poison, more likely, I thought, when I heard of it—and that Mr. Siddons had gone down to the first-floor sitting-room to bear her company almost every day during the last week.

One night, whilst keeping my weary though exciting watch through the keyhole of the Darcys' sitting-room, I saw the wretch—Mr. Siddons, I mean—catch Mrs. Darcy in his arms and kiss her passionately. She rested there contentedly for some time, and then, raising her head, said most indelicately—

"Oh, Geoff darling, believe me—I always loved you too much to let your quarrel with him turn you against him! But I did not know your address before. The day is soon coming when everything will be righted. He is dying fast, I am afraid, and you will soon be in his place."

Oh, how those wicked words shocked me! I felt quite faint, and had to call in at Mrs. Higgins' on my way up stairs to

ask for a drop of brandy to give me some support.

Imagine what a wretch the woman must be to talk calmly of her husband's death, and of another man—presumably a married man, too, which made it worse—standing in his place! But I always believed that the other two were not married, and this confirmed my suspicion.

But the worst is yet to come.

Recognising that a great deal depended upon my discovering something further of their plans before divulging what I already knew to poor Major Darcy, I determined not to spare any trouble that night, but to listen to every word.

Mr. and Mrs. Siddons were out as usual until after twelve, and, when they returned home, I made a great hit—the entire mystery was made clear to me. Geoffrey Siddons was a forger, and at present hiding from the eyes of the law!

His real Christian name was "Bernard," for I heard his wife call him that very often when they thought they were quite alone; and her name was "Mabel," or something of that kind—certainly not "Elsie," which he always called her before strangers.

Well, I found that during the few days I had been absent the curtain had been removed from before the door, and that once again I was able to see through the keyhole. I was not slow to avail myself of the opportunity; and what I saw and heard made my hair literally stand on end.

I heard him—Bernard—confess that he was a forger; I heard him say that he was hiding from the police, who were upon his track like bloodhounds; I heard him swear that he would commit murder before he would be taken; and then I heard him again urge his poor terror-stricken wife, who was crouching at his feet, to do the deed he was always trying to persuade her to do!

That night I was able to hear very distinctly, for, in their agitation, they spoke much louder than usual, and I heard him ordering her to go and change some of the spurious notes which he held in his hand. She refused, with tears and entreaties. He continued urging her, saying that their last shilling was gone, and that they would starve unless she did so.

She still refused. Then he drew a dagger from his breast, and threatened to kill her unless she complied with his request; and at last she gave way, with a piteous white face, and, with large staring horrified eyes, took the note and walked towards the door.

Not a moment was to be lost, so, flying swiftly down the stairs, I snatched up the bonnet that came first to hand and rushed off to the nearest police station, just stopping on my way to tell the Higginses. They were about going to bed, and were partially undressed; but the news so excited them that Mr. Higgins insisted upon accompanying me to the police station. By-the-bye, I forgot to say that I heard Mr. Siddons declare that there was a large reward—$500, I think he said—offered for his apprehension.

Well, when we told the story to the police, they could hardly believe their ears, and almost refused to come with us; they declared that, if there had been such a reward offered for the arrest of a forger, they would have known all about it.

But, when I told them how I had obtained the information, they hesitated no longer, and said that I was "a regular brick, and no mistake!" I certainly did feel a little proud as I reflected that, owing entirely to my sagacity and prudence, a great criminal would be arrested.

It was a strange group that knocked for admittance at our residence that night—or rather morning, for it was after one o'clock—and John the house-porter stared at us amazedly when he let us in.

First there was myself, with Susan's white bonnet on, with its enormous white feathers, my other rather scanty attire consisting of a short red-flannel dressing-gown, while I had only bed-room slippers on my feet—for, when I rushed out, I had quite forgotten the strangeness of my apparel.

Mr. Higgins was clad in his black trousers, and had carpet slippers on; he had no coat or waistcoat, but was wrapped up instead in a large brown shawl of his wife's, which he had caught up in his hurry.

Instead of his hat he wore his nightcap, which, in his excitement, he had forgotten to remove. Then there was an inspector of police with three constables to ensure the capture of the desperate scoundrel.

The procession wended its way upstairs until it reached the fourth floor; then it halted, and the inspector rapped at the door. No response. Rapped again—rather louder. Still no reply.

"Very queer this," he said, turning and looking at us knowingly; "I hope nothing has gone wrong."

Louder and louder grew the knocks, and graver and graver grew our faces, until at length he said that he must force his way in.

The porter here became very indignant, and forbade any one to injure his master's property. It suddenly occurred to the inspector to question this individual, so he said to him—

"When did you last see those people, my man? Answer truthfully, or it will be the worse for you!"

John turned scarlet with indignation.

"What should I want to tell you a lie for?" he asked fiercely. "I saw them last just about five minutes before you came in."

"What were they doing?" inquired the inspector.

"They were in a cab going to the station," replied the man doggedly.

"By George, they've bolted!" cried the inspector excitedly. "We have no time to lose! Have you a key that will fit that door?"

"No," replied John briefly.

"Then here goes!" cried the inspector, commencing immediately to smash the panels in; and in a very few minutes we were all inside the room.

What a strange sight met our eyes! Disguises of every sort were scattered about about—uniforms, convict dresses, wigs, false noses, masks, pistols—all telling only too plainly their own tale.

"Which way did they go?" demanded the inspector, almost choking with excitement.

"They were going to Paddington, I believe, sir; but they're coming back to-morrow to fetch those things."

It is perhaps needless to say that we were all too much excited to seek our beds that night; so we devoted the remainder of the time to going over the exciting events that had so recently occurred, whilst the officers of justice proceeded to follow up the criminals with the clue that they had. To our intense astonishment however Mr. and Mrs. Siddons did return the following morning, and appeared to be greatly amazed at finding their rooms in such wild disorder.

When confronted by the inspector and taxed with the enormous crimes he had committed, the wretch Siddons laughed aloud—yes, positively laughed, the monster! We were surprised at such hardened depravity; but, suddenly checking himself, he ordered the constables to remove us from his apartments.

To our great mortification they obeyed him, and consequently he was able to bamboozle them as much as he liked. This is what he said—that his real name was Geoffrey Delamere, and that he and his wife were both on the stage; that the conversations I had at various times overheard were merely parts of a new play they were shortly to appear in, and that they rehearsed them every night after returning from the theatre.

The allusions to murder and forgery were simply part of the play. Mrs. Darcy, he declared, was his only sister, and that it was not her husband's death she referred to on the occasion when she said Geoffrey would soon be in his right position, but the rapidly-approaching decease of their uncle—the man who, after bringing him up as his heir, had quarreled with him and turned him out of doors for marrying a penniless beautiful girl whom he loved to distraction.

He had gone on the stage, he said, to try to earn a livelihood, and had assumed a stage-name through fear of proving a failure. Major Darcy had been his reference on entering his present abode, and both the porter and the landlord knew of the relationship existing between them, only they would not gratify Miss Daniels with any information.

Such was the absurd story the arch-villian told the policemen, who believed it, and who insulted me in the most awful manner on their way down-stairs.

I have no more to say now except that I received notice to quit from my landlord during the morning. But what hurt me most of all was the shameful way in which Susan and those Higginses turned round upon me. They said they had always told me that it would be better for me if I minded my own business. Such is the reward one gets from a cruel and ungrateful world!

French Manners.—The Pall Mall Gazette, in reviewing a work on French manners, says: If you are invited out to dinner, it is unbecoming, according to this author, to take a dog with you.

When you are about to begin eating, do not turn your sleeves up as though you were going to wash your hands.

Do not tread upon any one's feet under the table.

If you want to give an order to a servant, do not call him "waiter;" remember that you are not in a tavern.

Do not hold your plate out or adopt any other manœuvre with the view of being helped first.

Only men who are decidedly ill-bred take salt with their fingers.

If you want to be in the latest fashion hold your fork in your left hand.

Do not throw your bones under the table, or anywhere in the room. Place them on the edge of your plate.

If you have a bone in your fingers, do not gnaw it too closely, as if you were a jackal.

Never criticise what is given to you, or compare it to a dish which you found much better at some other house.

Do not wipe your fingers on the table-cloth. The English wipe their fingers and their knives also on a piece of bread; but this is not the custom in France.

Finally, the guest is enjoined not to sing at dessert, unless he is asked; not to pelt other guests with pieces of bread; and "if any one dares to drink out of a lady's glass, under pretence of guessing her thoughts, have him thrown out of the window as an impertinent ill-bred man."

At a ball—it must not be forgotten that the scene is laid in France—you are to abstain from talking to your partner; but if you can't help it, say as little to her as possible, and say it quietly.

Young ladies, on their side, are not to stare "with effrontery" at the gentlemen they are dancing with. They must reply civily if they are spoken to, but not so as to engage their partners in regular conversation.

It appears there is a certain etiquette to be observed even in a shower of rain; thus a gentleman may offer the shelter of his umbrella to a lady with whom he has no acquaintance, but, the offer once accepted, he must not speak to her. It would be thought odd, however, for a lady to offer part of her umbrella to a strange gentleman.

Only a Few Escape.—Most persons who ascend mountains suffer more or less from mountain sickness. A man who climbed to the summit of the Matterhorn last summer was attacked by this peculiar illness at a height of 12,000 feet, and from that point to the summit he continued to experience the nausea, headache and lassitude characteristic of the malady. On descending the trouble disappeared, and no after effects were noticed.

A careful investigation has recently been made in Switzerland of the conditions under which mountain sickness occurs. It was found that above 10,000 feet all persons are liable to be attacked by it if they make any considerable muscular exertion. But when carried up without exertion on their part they can attain an elevation as great as 15,000 feet without discomfort.

The primary cause of this malady is the thinness and lightness of the air at great altitudes. It has been noticed that mountain sickness is usually less severe on isolated peaks, but the reason for this peculiarity is not clear.

By long practice it is possible to become accustomed to the effects of the high mountain air, and accordingly the Alpine guides seldom suffer from this sickness.

Nearly 2,000 Years Old.—The origin of soap is a mystery, but we have many evidences of its antiquity. It is mentioned at least twice in the Bible, under the name of borith, at a period corresponding to several centuries before Christ.

In the Louvre in Paris there is an interesting old vase of Etruscan manufacture, whose age is computed at about 2,500 years.

It is interesting in connection with our subject as bearing a group of children in relief who are engaged blowing bubbles from pipes. Though we must not overlook the fact that certain vegetable juices are capable of being used in blowing bubbles, it is for many reasons more probable that soap of artificial manufacture was employed for the purpose.

In the unearthed city of Pompeii, the preservation of which has been the means of revealing to us many antique customs, there is to be seen a soap manufactory, with all the paraphernalia pertaining to the business, also a small quantity of soap, evidently the product of this antique "soapery."

Scientific and Useful.

Smoke and Fire.—A wet silk handkerchief tied, without folding, over the face is a security against suffocation from smoke. It permits free breathing, and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

Railroad Noise.—To lessen, if not to abolish altogether, the noise of a train when crossing a bridge, a German engineer has devised a scheme which has proved surprisingly successful. He puts a decking of planks between the cross girders, and on the planks a double layer of felt is placed. In this way any noise is prevented.

Dials.—The Italian peasants make a cheap dial. A large nail—a "ten-penny"—is fixed into a white stuccoed wall, and its shadow is observed at different hours, its extremity being figured from the church clock, or from some well-regulated watch. These dials are not quite correct, but they make an approach to the truth, and serve in lieu of better time-markers.

Running.—Running is the great beautifier of figure and movement. It gives muscular development, strong heart-action, and free lung-play. The muscle comes where it ought to be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold the trunk well balanced, and the feet take their correct positions. It was running which made the Greek figure.

Egg-Shells.—Egg-shells have also recently figured as a waste material for which at last a use has been found. It seems that the street ice cream venders use many eggs in their business; but, instead of breaking the shells in the orthodox manner, they pierce them at each end, and blow the contents out into their culinary utensils with their mouths. This, to say the least of it, is unpleasant in idea, and unsanitary in effect. The object of preserving the shells unbroken is that they can be sold at so much per dozen to the shooting galleries, where sportsmen who are precluded by circumstances from seeking higher game may have the pleasure of smashing them from afar.

Farm and Garden.

Breeders.—Sheep breeders should avail themselves of the opportunity to get a good sheep, or several of them for that matter, while they are temporarily low-priced. They cannot stay there for any great length of time. People will have mutton, and they are willing to pay for it.

Poultry.—Now that warm weather has come it is a waste of food to give grain to poultry, as the fowls can secure all the food needed by them. Should the hens become very fat they will not lay, and are also then liable to diseases which usually result from overfeeding during warm weather.

Roses.—All who have made rose bushes a specialty know that they require clean cultivation and rich soil, yet the large majority of those who procure young rose bushes put them on the borders of grass plots, which results in their destruction. Beginners with roses should consult with experienced persons before selecting the varieties, as some kinds will only thrive under special conditions.

Independent Views.—We do not believe in implicitly gulping down without independent thought the views of the wise men of our generation, and yet, we believe that when a question arises on which one does not feel competent to express an opinion, he will stand more of a chance of being right by studying the best advice obtainable, then setting up his own judgment and saying that the best educated men are often wrong. This holds true in agriculture as well as in finance.

Seeds.—One advantage of sowing garden and other seeds in drills, is that the soil over the seeds can the better be firmed. Cover the seeds thin with fine, damp soil, compress it quite firmly with the feet or with a wooden firmer, and you are on the right track. Such compression will operate in a two-fold way in promoting germination: First, the absorption of moisture by the seed will be aided, and second, the free escape of moisture by evaporation from the soil of the seed row will be hindered.

A Hard Cough distresses the patient and racks both Lungs and Throat. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the remedy wanted to cure your Cough, and relieve both the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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Being Great.

We suppose an overwhelming majority of mankind have a half-expressed desire to be great. They have their various standards of greatness, the height of one man's ambition being merely the starting-point of another's. But, wherever the dividing-line between obscurity and fame be placed, there are few who do not wish to cross it.

Having passed over and measured by experience the hollowness of fame, even at its best, they would not infrequently retrace their steps; but it is never easy for one who has become a prominent figure in the little world of his own city, or in the large world, to return at will into the region of obscurity. When one would be forgotten the world refuses to forget; it is only while ambition is still unsatisfied that the collapse comes.

"Infinite are the mortifications of the bare attempt to emerge from obscurity," says one of our essayists, who spoke from experience, "numberless the failures, and greater and more galling still the vicissitudes and tormenting accompaniments of success." Of those who have given the record of their experiences to the world, there is no one who has spoken kindly of either the search after fame or its achievement. It is a subject into which every writer and every thinker has dived deeply; but they have all emerged at last with a certain conviction that fame is the most illusory of all ambitions. Yet this is one of those points on which experience is the only true teacher.

We perhaps give our adhesion in a theoretical way to the unanimous decision of those who have left us their views; but nevertheless we suffer from the common infirmity and struggle on after our respective ways, hopeful that we are destined some day to make at least a little noise in the world and to bask in the sunshine of publicity.

Even though we are modest enough to doubt our capability to rise to the summit of fame, we yet hope that the time may come when we shall be known a little way outside our own social circle, when we shall be introduced to strangers, not as plain Mr. John Smith, but as the hero of an adventure, the writer of a book, the painter of a picture, or as the player of a chief part in some social drama. For when we have reached this point we have developed from a Nobody into a Somebody.

There are many ways in which the production of Somebodies is effected. There are hereditary Somebodies, accidental Somebodies, those who attain the position against their will, those who reach it by sheer honest fighting, and those whose stepping-stone is back-stairs' intrigue or the acceptance of the very cheapest of opportunities. The men and women who are, if we may so express it, born with a newspaper-paragraph as well as a silver spoon in their mouths, must be reckoned in a different category from those who earn the right to a place in the personal column.

Of those who attain the position of Somebodies there are innumerable kinds, and there never was a time when they were manufactured more easily than they are to-day. The responsibility for this must lie largely at the doors of the multitudinous newspapers. The "people-who-are-talked-about" column has transformed many a village hero into a man of the hour; and many a prominent writer, painter, or politician owes whatever debt his distinction is worth far more to the kindly offices of log-rolling, interviewing, and the often grotesque portrait-block than to real merit.

Indeed merit without influence, though an excellent stayer and a probable winner in a long race, makes but a poor show in a sprinting-match against influence unbacked by merit. The triumph of the incompetent must, we are afraid, be admitted to hold a large place in the present-day creation of Somebodies. You cannot make a genius by a hundred newspaper paragraphs, but by two or three you may persuade the public that you have discovered one.

This is a point not to be overlooked in considering one side of the disadvantages of being a Somebody. It discounts the value of the best kind of fame—that which has been earned by pluck or endurance or any kind of honest work—when the man who has attained it feels that he is merely allowed to take his place in a promiscuous group of elevated personages, where the chances are that he will not be distinguished from those who have the most insecure and undeserved footing on the same pedestal.

Whatever value fame may possess is purely an intrinsic and comparative one. Its standard must constantly change with the varying conditions of social life, for it represents a reward for having reached, not a definite point, but a point above the average of one's fellows. At present, for example, there is some distinction in being a legislator in this country; but, if we could substitute for our Congress, a national assembly, in which every citizen was entitled to sit and vote, the distinction of the legislator would be gone, though his work would remain the same.

But, whether fame is to be obtained cheaply or by hard work alone, or whether it comes, as it sometimes must, by accident, it is unremunerative, and its burdens outweigh its pleasures. The greatly-famous or the lightly-famous man has his life taken out of his hands and moulded too much by circumstances. The man who of his own choice accepts the position of a Somebody and invites the constant public gaze must play a lifelong part of a poser.

By the aid of the personal paragraphist and the snowball action of gossip his reputation gathers all kinds of excrescences foreign to his real nature, as the old-time heroes had all manner of possible and impossible deeds of prowess ascribed to them; and he must carefully guard this popular estimation of himself, knowing well how a single slip may bring about his complete downfall as the people's idol. Owing to his constant acting his character gradually assimilates itself to that which popular fancy has ascribed to it, and his individuality suffers in the process.

The fact that popular reputation seldom has the staying power of social reputation illustrates pretty clearly the artificial value of fame. A man ought not, and generally does not, lose in the estimation of his friends through long familiarity. Their regard for him is cemented by time, and he gains on their affection instead of losing it. But a popular idol is notoriously short-lived; and the explanation of this may be found more in the fact that the idol was never truly known, or that he may so easily be misrepresented, rather than in the fickleness the public. The public admires not so much the individual as the facts that are told about him, or the ideas they gather of him on rather slender foundation; and they need to be constantly reminded of his claims on their attention.

If one sits down quietly and ponders over the choice of a portion, it is found wiser to steer clear of a desire to make a noise in the world. But when it is in the blood it will come out without encouragement, and the ambitious man is led on by a pleasurable excitement that will not be stayed. But the man is to be counted the happier whose energies run in any other direction than that of fame.

Let him be a philosopher, and amuse himself by taking stock of the world; but, if he is strong enough to resist, do not let him be consumed by anxiety to burden the public with his philosophy. Let him find interest in the avalanche of books that others are pouring upon him, but do not let him seek to write a book in order that his name may be bracketed with others whose position he envies, knowing so little of its responsibilities. Let him be a hero in his own family circle, and aim at a high level of excellence all round which shall make him beloved of his friends, but do not let him set his mind on acts of public showy heroism which shall gain him a bold newspaper head-line or a monument to his memory.

If he longs for fame, there is hardly a man who may not achieve it; but, if he could read the hearts of those who have already gained a niche in the Temple, he would find that it is often dearly bought, and that the wisdom of life is to be willing to fill a large place in a limited circle—in fact, to be one whom the world would call a nobody.

CHARACTER grows for the most part insensibly, as life grows at first. Now and then it gets notable impulses which we can mark; but commonly it grows imperceptibly, like our bodies. Single acts may show character; but they seldom form it, though some are supreme and ruling. It grows ring by ring; and the twig of this year becomes the bough of next. Our habits are another name for it, and they grow like the grass. The man's face lies behind the boy's, but it comes out only after a round of winters and summers.

FIDELITY is a principle which cannot be too highly prized. We are living in an age of restlessness, unsettlement, and change. Principles are easily abandoned, and friends shaken off. The old virtue of faithfulness to our convictions and loyalty to our friends is greatly to be desired and honored. The world is too much given to gossip, and few indeed are able to hold their tongues, even about secret things, if they can raise a laugh.

OUR own troubles often so preoccupy us that we think we have no time or freedom to think of the burdens of other people; but, for all that, the necessary condition for being able to do effective work in the world is to get our own burdens well in hand, and then we shall have our hearts free and open to bear the burdens of other people.

WE are wise if we learn never to waste a moment worrying over what no human power can give to us again. This is true even in sorrow. Sadness only unfits us for duty. We need all our strength in order to be faithful in our more lonely condition.

WE seldom repent of talking too little, but very often of talking too much. This is a common and trivial maxim which everybody knows and but few practice.

WE never know the true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them, we see only their virtues.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. N.—The word gillie comes from an old Gaelic term that means a boy, a lad, or page. Gillie now means a personal attendant who occupies a menial position.

F. W.—The liver is the largest organ in the body, weighing about four pounds. Its office is to secrete bile. It lies under the short ribs on the right side, below the diaphragm.

VIOLET.—Dwelling too much on one idea disorders the imagination and frequently leads to insanity. Mingle more freely with people of your own age, read cheerful works, and take a more cheerful view of everything.

L. C. S.—Venus is the second planet in the order of distance from the sun. She varies in apparent size, but is the brightest of all the planets. Jupiter is the next brightest. Mars looks reddish to the naked eye, but is bright when seen through a telescope. Venus takes 224 days to go round the sun.

AMY.—The word metre is the French measure, and, in the metric system devised by the French Academy commission for a common standard of weighs and measures, is equivalent to nearly a yard and nine one-hundredths of a yard. The metric system is the simplest and most perfect ever devised—the very name of the weight or measure indicating its value.

R. L. L.—Egypt is not a "province" of Turkey; nor even a dependency; but a suzerainty, as is Morocco, or Tunis, or Tripoli. Each and all of them have an independency in internal affairs, but in all foreign relations act under the supervision of the Sultan of Constantinople. The ruler of Egypt, called Khedive, is so by virtue of the Sultan's assent, and a tribute which he pays to the Sultan of seven hundred thousand pounds per year. The bond which holds all the Barbary powers and Egypt in this deference to Turkey is that the Sultan is the recognized head of the Mohammedan church.

K. A. S.—There was such a person as Eugene Aram. He was born in England in 1704. He enjoyed a remarkable reputation for extensive scholarship, acquired under the greatest difficulties, his family being very poor. While serving as a schoolmaster he became implicated in a robbery committed by a man named Daniel Clark, but was discharged for lack of evidence. He went immediately to London, and Clark disappeared mysteriously at the same time. Twenty-five years afterwards Aram was arrested and tried for the murder of Clark. He was convicted and hanged. After his conviction he confessed his guilt, and attempted suicide, but was discovered in time to frustrate his purpose.

AMY S.—Indigo is insoluble in water or alcohol, but is readily dissolved in sulphuric acid, which, without destroying the blue color, so far alters its nature as to render it freely soluble in water, thus affording a convenient method of applying it to the purposes of dyeing. The solution with sulphuric acid is kept in the shops under the name of sulphate of indigo. It is also soluble in nitro-benzol. At their boiling points, the following substances will dissolve this material: Castor oil, acetone, hydrate of chloral, camphor, oil of turpentine, balsam of copaiba, amylic alcohol, oil of lavender, white beeswax, Japanese vegetable wax, and Carnauba wax.

O. C.—Puck was a celebrated fairy, called also Robin Goodfellow, Friar Rush, and Pug, etc. He was the "merry wanderer of the night." Niobe was a character in Grecian mythology, the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes. She was so proud of her children that she provoked Apollo and Diana, who slew them all; upon which Niobe was struck dumb with grief, remaining stupid ever after. The poets prettily fancy her to have been turned to stone. Queen Mab is the name always used by English poets to designate the imaginary queen of the fairies. You can post yourself concerning mythological characters by obtaining books on Grecian and more modern mythology, or by a good classical dictionary.

A. B. D.—Friends have to learn to bear and forbear with one another. There are sore traits in their dispositions which ought to be given a wide berth, or else misunderstandings and alienations are pretty sure to befall. Some folks of excellent social natures cannot bear to be teased about trifles, and will fall into a fit of the sulks when the placid tenor of their ways is thus infringed upon. The only way to restore peace is to apologize for such an unintentional offence, and to take good care that it be not repeated. It will not answer, in your own case, to stand off in cold silence until your lady friend appears to be willing to show herself sociable again. In that event, all the chances are that matters would go from bad to worse, and the intimacy would come to an end.

PRUDA.—When Count d'Orsay died, in 1852, the Times, in its obituary notice of him, said he was beyond all comparison the best bred man in Europe, and stated, as proofs of this, that at a ball, party, or fashionable assemblage, where his society was sought by the most distinguished personages, he would devote himself to the unnoticed ones, to the greenhorns, to the awkward men and women, who did not know what to do with themselves, and by his exquisite tact would make them feel at home, and find them partners to dance with, and so manage affairs that they would be astonished at their own social capabilities, and wonder how things could have got on so satisfactorily if they had unfortunately been absent. This description of Count d'Orsay gives one a clear perception of the meaning of the term well-bred.

MY HEART SHALL BE THY GARDEN.

BY A. M.

My heart shall be thy garden. Come, my own,
Into thy garden; thine be happy hours
Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest flowers,
From root to crowning petal, thine alone.

Thine is the place from where the seeds are sown
Up to the sky inclosed, with all its showers,
But, ah, the birds, the birds! Who shall build bowers
To keep these thine? O friend, the birds have flown.

For as these come and go, and quit our pine
To follow the sweet season, or, newcomers,
Sing one song only from our alder trees;
My heart has thoughts, which, tho' thine eyes hold mine,
Flit to the silent world and other summers,
With wings that dip beyond the silver seas.

Of a Voice.

BY R. V.

THERE is a great freshness and power about the southern coast of Wales, with plenty of size, detail, and color. On an August day, when a west wind has blown the sky clear, and given the blue sea, blue as that of Naples, a lace embroidery of pearly foam round the edges of its symmetrically escalloped sandy bays; when the sun falls like limelight upon those strangely tinted rocks, white, grey or buff, with a splash of faint coral pink; when the headlands glow with gorse and flush with heather; why, a man sees more than he can record with brush or pen in a lifetime. And every now and then this same air gives someone among the people of the place a great gift in the form of an exceptional voice.

The man we are interested in, standing in such a place as I have hinted at, had such a voice, but had not been aware of it for long, for he never valued it to the extent of those who heard him.

Now he thought he knew his powers, and what they could be brought to, but he was sad in every way and looked into a face, a very pretty one indeed, sadder than his own; because it was set with tears while his own was only darkened by clouds.

He had just finished a statement, and there was a pause, during which he kissed her.

"What did he say, dear?" she asked.

"He said, like the bigoted fool he is, that, a man who sang Faust wasn't fit to do the Lord's work."

"And what did you say, dear?"

"I said if that was so I didn't want to do the Lord's work, or his either. After that there wasn't much passed."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! And you've lost your income! Oh, Jephtha! why didn't you promise to leave off singing Faust? There were all the other operas you know!"

"Oh! he meant those as well, I suppose. I never thought so much of my singing before he tried to stop me. An old humbug."

"Oh, Jephtha! Don't! He's the Vicar!"

"He's Vicar and curate both now, the brute."

"Oh, what will you do?" and she began to cry.

Jephtha, who was growing more unclerical every moment, kissed her again. This was pleasant, but no answer, so she still asked.

"What will you do? I've only a little money, but of course you'll take that?"

"My darling, I wouldn't take anyone's money but my own, and never yours. My enemy has put a weapon in my hand. I've lost a living by singing, and now I'll get one by singing."

"Oh, dear! and you'll have to go away?"

This suggested fresh trouble and more comfort.

"Some one will see you, Jephtha!"

"Let 'em. I shall go to London." The words seemed stereotyped to him as he spoke them, and ominous of failure—but she thought them grand.

"Where shall you sing, dear?"

By some strange chance "Public-houses" rose to his mind and frightened him, so he said "Churches."

"And of course you'll be always a clergyman, dear?"

"To be insulted again? No, thank you. The church has plenty of curates left who can't sing Faust." He said this bitterly, but with a tinge of triumph.

"And your degree?"

"My Llampeter degree? Oh, my successor can have that to start with."

Then came more tears, which gave him pleasure to deal with. It was growing dark, and the country side very beautiful to look upon, but they turned to walk away without a glance at it.

"I shan't see you again before you start?"

"No, I think not; and you mustn't fret when I'm gone. If I win I shall come back to you, and if I lose you must forget me, you know."

So amid protestations and sobs, in which the big tenor helped the little thin soprano this time, came the awful wrench of parting.

The next morning Jephtha Morgan went up to town to sing his way to fortune and back to his true love.

The railway journey from South Wales to London will kill any ordinary enthusiasm, and Jephtha had none when he started by the night mail. When he reached town he felt very lonely, and shivered as he walked out past the noisy platform with his one shabby bag that he was not rich enough to have carried for him.

He walked on steadily, for some vague reason, towards Exeter Hall, the one place he knew in London. He felt hungry as he went along, and the splendid confectioners and restaurants he passed awed him and made him think that there was nothing cheap enough for him to eat in that great town, and he thought what would happen when his little stock of money was gone.

He had his own kind of courage, but his was a sensitive nature, which is a truly awful appurtenance in London. As he was passing through one of the fine squares near Paddington he had a scare. A man poorly clad and looking hungry began to sing in front of one of the affluent-looking houses, and before he had been guilty of more than two or three quavering notes a policeman came round the corner and hustled him off.

It seemed to Jephtha that he, with his purpose in view, was included in the indignity and shame of it. When he reached Exeter Hall he was at a loss what to do, but a favorable incident attended his arrival there. He found close by a clean eating house, with healthy-looking food in its windows, plainly priced; and without any false shame he went in, through cabdrivers and paper men, bought a meal and ate it.

He felt better at once, and learnt a useful lesson—never to review unfavorable prospects upon an empty stomach, especially in London.

If this theory could be acted upon, I am sure that many who stop calamitously at the corner of their misfortune would turn it triumphantly. He knew, by report, the name and address of a famous Welsh singer, and he would call upon him and ask, in a manly way, advice—just advice.

Dragging his bag with him he asked his way from policeman to policeman till he reached a row of appallingly pretentious houses.

Before one of these many carriages were drawn up, and footmen were hanging about with the graceful insolence which perhaps qualifies them for their situations. Jephtha didn't at first imagine that this was the house, but he reckoned the numbers as he went along, and with growing apprehension found it was.

At first he felt inclined to abandon his visit, but it was nothing to be ashamed of, he reasoned, so, screwing up courage, he went in the door. The hall was full of servants, and people passing up the fine staircase, and it was only due to the garb of his discarded profession that he got the attention he did secure. At last a servant came to take the card he hadn't provided himself with, and not getting it, listened superciliously to his broken and pretty well incoherent story.

At this moment the little stout man of fame emerged from a side room, and advancing to the staircase nearly collided with Jephtha, who together with the servant began to explain his visit. The great personage listened for a few words and then with a loftiness that must have impressed the servants, said:

"Very sorry—very sorry—indeed, but I am afraid I can't be of any assistance to you. I—ah—have so many appeals of this kind. Good afternoon. Mr. Wotherby here yet, Symonds?"

Jephtha never quite remembered how he got into the streets, but he was glad to get there. There was one more person he thought of who would not at least treat him in this way. An old schoolfellow of three years before who he knew was at the College of Music. This was close by, luckily, and he made for it. When he got there the students were leaving and he hurriedly asked an attendant if Mr. Wringle were at the college.

"Mr. Wringle, sir, rather! Where is he now? Oh! there he is sir, a-monkeying with those gentlemen on the steps there."

Jephtha knew his schoolfellow at once and approached him in the middle of an address to those round him. The speaker had a soft grey felt hat on, rather dingy in tint, and a blue serge suit by no means new.

"That man, sir," he was saying, "is ruining my mezzo voce and in another three years the operatic world will require it of him. That man——"

"Here, a sky pilot come for you, Wringle," said one of the audience, sotto voce, "Do the civil."

Wringle dropped his speech and greeted Jephtha airily.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me," said the latter.

"I'm jiggered if I do! I mean you have the advantage of me, my dear sir!" stammered Wringle, nevertheless shaking Jephtha violently by the hand, "but never mind."

"I am Jephtha Mor——"

"So you are! Now I know you—but what have they done to you, my boy, your reverence, I mean?"

"Don't let my appearance go for anything, but let me speak to you for a minute."

"Rather, fire away. Come along to my digs if you like. They're near here, but deuced humble, you know. No regal reception!"

Jephtha went gladly with him to a fair-sized room with a sloping ceiling, a bed, a piano, and a great di-sarrangement of music in it, but a little friendship, just then, made it very welcome to him.

"Sit on the bed, Morgan. I'll make the tea and listen. Wire ahead!"

As the tale went on Wringle left off what he was doing and stood with a teaspoon in one hand and a tea pot in the other.

"Pardon me, old man, you're an awful goat, you know, to shy up $150 a year to start singing. But anyhow, it's done and you're in for it fairly. First of all can you sing?"

"I think so."

"So do I. I'd swear on a book as big as this table that I can sing like De Reszke, but I can't get anyone to believe it. However, I'll mighty soon tell you if you can. I'm sure you want all the money you've got, so sleep here to-night, to-morrow we'll see what you're up to—but it looks a queer business."

The next morning Jephtha was wakened by some truly nasal voice production of his new friend's. He more than half wished himself back in his country life again. Presently Wringle woke up, in impressive silence, and sat on the side of the sofa he had slept on.

Jephtha made tea this time while Wringle washed and sang to himself outside. His singing gave Jephtha confidence in himself.

After a breakfast, rough but satisfying, his host proposed a stroll. "Don't talk," said he, "breathe, and presently we'll hear you."

They went along silently through St. James' Park, and the trees and water took Jephtha back to the hill shore he had held so lightly forty eight hours before.

"Here's Lyte," said Wringle suddenly, "he'll vamp for you." An unprosperous, but kindly-looking man was introduced and the three went back to the room together.

Wringle opened the window, becoming business like and distant. "Sit down, Lyte," he said. "Now we're a tenor, I think? What will you sing out of those?" handing Jephtha some music.

After a pause the aspirant opened a solo, put it before Lyte at the piano, and stood back with his eyes upon it. Wringle waited silently in the doorway. After the first few notes he came slowly forward, and as Jephtha went on Lyte looked nervously back over his shoulder, and played very carefully. When it was over Wringle took Jephtha by the coat.

"A curacy, man! I'd have shied up a bishopric with a voice like that! If I'm not deaf, silly, and color-blind, Lyte, we've struck a wonder. What do you think?"

"Too good to be true and lots of it. Sing again," and Jephtha sang.

"Where did you learn, man?" asked Wringle.

"I've heard the best of men, and practiced every day for three years!"

"You come with us, sir."

That day Jephtha sang to a big man, deferentially but confidently, escorted by his two friends, the next day to two others. A week later a gentleman of Semitic appearance offered $1,500 a year, for two years, for his body and voice—he didn't want his soul he said. Wringle advised and Jephtha went into bondage under a strange name at $1,250 for twelve months.

We are not greatly concerned with him till the conclusion of that period. It was a season of work, hard and congenial. Jephtha came to London to be a singer, but, so far as he was not that, he remained a clergyman. He puzzled even Wringle, whom he would not allow to leave him, and he was an utter enigma to everyone else.

Critics soon tired of saying he was no artist. The public were either indifferent on that score, or thought otherwise. His initial awkwardness was a foil for his self-effacement in whatever he sang, and many thought the loyalty of bearing, that turned to an inspired presence at the touch of song, an effective trick. Wringle maintained it was genius, and he was right.

At the end of his first contract, an impresario, who had determined on a counter demonstration to Continental avarice, inspired some native talent with the esoterism of grand opera. To show how easy it was to do, he engaged Jephtha Morgan.

But that time he had his critical backers and some enthusiastic ones. A chorus girl said once that if he was not as famous as the older artists he was twice as handsome, and ladies in many parts of the house agreed with her.

He owned his faults freely when second-hand Italian or French epigrams were translated to him; announced his intention of remedying them, and did so in an absurdly short time, to the chagrin of his assailants. But it was suddenly good policy, and therefore good taste, to praise him extravagantly all round; and this is why.

He was sitting reading in his comfortable rooms, and thinking if his triumph was big enough to take back to his sweetheart, whom he thought of a good many times every day, and had settled that it was not so yet. He had just reached this conclusion when his servant brought a tawny envelope.

"You must sing Faust to-night, Mr Inski sick. Get here as soon as possible."

He put the telegram down on the table, and when Wringle found it he danced furiously and broke three separate bits of furniture. Half-an-hour later, Jephtha was reviewing the situation with his chief.

"I can't imitate, you know, in the time—I must take it my own way."

"All right. You'll look it all, to a hair; but move about, man, move about. You sing too easily. The public want some action with it. You've got the music?"

"You can trust me."

"Right; of course I'm anxious. It's your chance, you know!"

"And yours," said Jephtha.

"Well, I hope so. I shall have to announce Mr Inski's illness, but I shan't apologize for you."

"No, I don't think you'll need to," and the singer looked as if he was thinking of something 200 miles away, which was the case.

The audience took Mr Inski's illness more philosophically than that gentleman did himself. The amphitheatre freely encouraged their favorite; the boxes and stalls were contemptuously tolerant; the body of the house was neutral for three quarters of an hour, at the end of that time it went over to the growing sentiment of approval, and the high-priced seats, when their taste would have been compromised by further indifference, joined the majority. At the end, when Jephtha led on a Marguerite who would barely speak to him a month before, the house rose deliriously—but at Faust.

The impresario carefully examined his contract that night, and found he had yet two months of $750 service at $125; for which he thanked heaven.

Moreover, he stood upright with his thumbs in his waistcoat, and spoke like a free-born Briton, the next time Mr Inski was rude to him.

This kind of thing would have turned most heads, and why not Jephtha's? He had eschewed the dwellings of the rich since his humiliating experience at the house of the great man whose counsel he had craved.

He met him afterwards on neutral ground, this demi-god, the proportion of whose girth to his stature made opera a forbidden thing to him, who, not recognizing his former visitor, was charmingly civil and complimentary, and put the smile and look that Jephtha gave him down to very justifiable conceit.

It was a week after his triumph that his

taskmaster came to his rooms (a newly acquired habit), and Jephtha had risen to receive him when he noticed that he was accompanied by a lady. He exhibited on that account a very pronounced annoyance in his manner, for a host.

"Oh! Langlands, I've brought you a visitor. I'm always doing you kindnesses not mentioned in our contract."

Jephtha bowed, and stood unresponsively silent.

"Lady Ormerod—my—er—our great new tenor."

Jephtha bowed again.

"We're come for a chat, Langlands," said the autocrat, pulling off his gloves. As he spoke Jephtha looked for the first time at the lady, and repented him of his covert discourtesy, not as yet irreparable.

He had been guilty of great indiscretion. He had interested himself in no woman since he bade the last one goodbye in Wales. This was the fault of inexperience, because to sequestrate an instinct is to make it strong and savage, and to chain any natural impulse is to challenge its strength.

As a consequence, in the enervating atmosphere of success, any attack upon his susceptibilities, coming with the power of a fresh experience, was formidable; since man is made to weaken at the advent of woman, everywhere, when he is not harassed and desensitised by adversity.

Lady Letitia Ormerod was sorry she had come, for she was not case-hardened by social friction, and was a lady in the best sense of the term. She had not even asked herself why she wanted to see this singer, who upset her so much when she listened to him, making her hasty with her own people and impatient with everyone else, while his music was in her.

She knew how to answer the question, but didn't want to. There was no harm, she said to herself, in seeing him; and since she had gone a long way out of her road to do so, he might have been a little more sympathetic. So she looked, and felt, uncomfortable in the presence of the very self-possessed artiste, who reminded her of her uncle the Rector; why she didn't know, except that she felt silly and confused.

Jephtha noticed a distress in her appearance and abandoning the statuesque, promptly fetched a chair, in a pleasantly different manner, and became charming to an extent that astonished the other man, who thought he knew all about anything he saw a corner of.

Then, without paying more than the merely necessary amount of attention to his employer, he listened to her ladyship's nervous little remarks on music, encouragingly expanding them and speaking earnestly and originally as he was always willing to do on this subject. She had almost forgotten her introducer till he joined in the conversation.

"You know, Langlands," he said, "your ideas on music are as free from tricks and humbug as your singing."

Jephtha was pleased, not at the words, but at the look in her ladyship's face as she heard them.

She became a little embarrassed again as they rose to go.

"I hope you'll come and see me, Mr. Langlands, some day," she said, holding out her hand. "My aunt and I will be glad to see you, but I don't know if we have anything to interest you."

And Jephtha said something suitable and uncompromising.

After his visitors had left, his manager found a pretext to run back, and, after giving Jephtha a dig in the waistcoat, which he resented, said joyfully:

"An heiress, my gentle boy, free and dashed independent—$40,000 a year. Think of it and act accordingly," and bolted off again believing he had conferred a fresh benefit on his tenor not in the terms of the contract between them.

When he was alone Jephtha confessed to himself being a little disturbed—nothing more. He questioned himself again, if it was not now enough to take back to his little girl on the coast of his country, but the immediate future was so rich that it would have been sinful to turn from it for a moment, so he decided to keep straight on; indeed he was bound by law and interest for the next two months.

His visit to Lady Letitia was shortly paid and he was pleased that there was no one but her aunt and cousin, who did not worry him. He impressed the two ladies by some tersely practical remarks upon parish work, a topic in which they were interested and which was the subject of conversation when he arrived.

Then he talked books, and the music, which had been too prodigal a mistress for him to tire of, to Lady Letitia. She listened to him accepting all he said, as her classical prototype might have listened to Orpheus when he advanced opinions.

These visits grew frequent through the succeeding months. Aunt Julia said that the great singer was so unlike what she had heard such men were, that she and her daughter agreed in liking him, while Lady Letitia kept silent.

On one of those afternoons, for which her ladyship had come to neglect hitherto solemn social functions, he had been talking to her in the usual way, but restlessly and petulantly, on matters which did not call for petulancy.

Aunt Julia sat knitting somnolently at the light end of the drawing-room; the other end was shadowy and rich in tasteliness After a pause Jephtha did what he had not hitherto done; he got up, went to the piano, lighted a color-shaded lamp, played for a little, and then began to sing.

It was one of the love plaints that Gounod has put into Romeo's mouth. She had told him how it had affected her some days before. He sang with conscientious earnestness, and just his own strange sweetness and power.

As might have been expected of him, he was ever so far away when he stopped. Aunt Julia had come half down the room with her knitting, and stood like one hypnotized. Jephtha found himself looking across the corner of the keyboard at his hostess.

She had answered the music, and it was Juliet, blushing, loving but mute Juliet, he saw. He trembled slightly and got up. As yet loyal and brave he determined on flight.

"I'm late, I'm afraid—I must be going," he said, and a tremolo he was innocent of as a singer, had got into his voice.

"Must you?" she said slowly.

At parting in the hall he weakened, and held her hand for longer than he should have done, knowing well how much it could mean.

"The season is almost over; shall I see you again?"

Again he knew the answer he should have given quite well, but he fell away once more and said, "Yes," and looked at her as he said it. But in the street he began to curse at himself, walking away swiftly.

It was the next night, nearly at the end of his engagement, that he heard the news boys yelling jubilantly:

"Frightful colliery disaster!"

He bought a paper and saw that one hundred and fifty of his countrymen were dead, and he knew what that meant to the living. It helped to keep him out of temptation for a few days, and then he heard of a concert to be given by some artists who, like himself, had brought their voices from the afflicted country.

He wrote at once tendering his services, and a date was named in the eager acceptance of them.

Then he did a foolish thing and decided to see Lady Letitia again. He would call in the morning, he said to himself guiltily, and run down that evening to sing at the big mineral metropolis.

Having settled this, he did his best to protect himself against the attacks of a greatly disturbed conscience, which was more honest than the rest of him, just then.

The future is not always amenable to arrangement. On the morning he had dressed himself for his purpose, and was thinking of starting, when he took up an A. B. C. time table Wringle had just bought, to verify his plans as to minutes. A moment later he put it down with all those plans scattered. There was no afternoon train in the autumn then commencing, and the morning train left in three-quarters of an hour.

With a disappointment, in itself a reproach to him, he realised that his visit to Lady Letitia would not be paid. He told his man to call a cab, and put his things, which were ready, into it, and a few minutes later was driving off to Paddington.

He remembered as he went along that he would at least pass the house, and when he was doing so he looked up at the window. By a strange coincidence her ladyship's beautiful face was looking out with an expectancy on it he could have accounted for. She didn't see him, but he never afterwards forgot it.

When Mr. David Langlands came on to the platform to sing that night, the audience shuffled uneasily before it settled down to listen.

A Welsh audience is one of the most unsatisfactory to sing to, being naturally and capably critical, but his opening confirmed his strange reputation, for he was singing up to his best form. Just as he was about to begin his last verse there came a little quick, gasping cry, but the singer only moved his eyes to where it came from.

Encores were the order of the evening, and his a matter of course; when he came back he sang Kjerulf's "Last Night," and he sang it all to a little grey figure at the side of the great hall.

The audience had made matters difficult for the next performer by their extravagance when he left the artists' room and went round to the audience.

Hardly anyone would have detected the opera star in that clerical hat and staid black cloak and their opportunity would have been a very brief one, for he stepped quietly in from a side door and, taking his interrupter first by her, and then almost under his own, arm, led her out before even her neighbor knew what had happened.

But out under the night he explained and pleaded, more sweetly and earnestly than he had ever done at Covent Garden with an expensive orchestra to help him, or than he had ever done two years before some twelve miles away in the heather by the sea, till she grew nervous and stopped him; then there was nothing left to explain—verbally.

And the next that the sympathetic public heard of him was that he had signed for an American tour at a figure that it was positively sad, for everyone else but himself, to hear of; and that his newly-married wife was going with him.

Lady Letitia did not take a box for the next opera season, but tried to content herself, every one would hope with success, in parochial work on her Berkshire property. Still, I do not think her ladyship will ever be quite so interested again about the Royal Italian Opera.

Uninvited.

BY L. B. C.

THE Altendorf mansion was often thrown open for fetes and parties, upon which occasions numerous invitations were issued, and the preparations were upon a scale rarely witnessed, but fully in keeping with its owner's colossal wealth and boundless munificence.

So it was natural that the marriage of his only daughter and heiress should be looked forward to with intense interest and expectation by those having an entree to the house.

Rachel Altendorf was very beautiful. Her face, with its large, gazelle-like eyes, its straight, Grecian nose, with its arching nostrils, its full yet delicate lips, was of that rare type which is seldom seen except in pictures by the old masters.

Our story opens with Rachel's marriage feast, at the time just previous to the ceremony.

The match, as is the custom on the continent, had been made by the parents of the contracting parties, and promised as fair for the young couple's happiness as do the generality of alliances. The groom came of a good old family, and would in time fall heir to a fine estate. His name was Raoul Garcelon. He was tall and straight, with dark eyes, set almost too near to each other to have a pleasing effect, and closely cut hair. His long, heavy mustache drooped over his lips so as to almost totally conceal the expression of his mouth. But an occasional glimmer of even white teeth brightened up the lower part of his face, and counteracted the somewhat sullen expression habitual to it.

Rachel had seen but little of her fiance; and it is not to be wondered at that her beautiful face expressed more sadness than joy; for her heart was filled with thoughts of the coming separation from those she loved.

But Raoul's dark features shone with mingled pride and exultation. The most admired girl in the country would soon be his wife, and also a "dower," which alone would have rendered her attractive in his eyes had she been as ugly as Hecate.

The bridal party had but just entered, and taken their respective positions before the expectant guests, when a disturbance arose outside, followed by the appearance of a woman in a state of great excitement. She had forced a passage through the group of servants, who had given way in terror, evidently thinking her crazed. She advanced, gesticulating wildly.

"I forbid this marriage!" she exclaimed. "The bride is not what you think her. She is my child, and I will prove it!"

A sudden consternation fell upon all present, as each looked at the other, wondering what would be the finish of this strange scene. Mr. Altendorf was the first to recover his self-possession. He went to the woman, and said, sternly,—

"You have chosen a strange time and place for such a communication. It savors much of a conspiracy."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Altendorf. "It is a likely story indeed, that after all these years you think to make us believe that our Rachel is an imposter. Begone with your vile fabrication at once, or you shall be arrested!"

"Will the lady look me full in the face and see if she knows me?" was the dogged reply of the woman, who stood her ground sullenly, and as she spoke fixed her eyes with a malignant expression upon Mrs. Altendorf's agitated countenance.

The lady looked towards her in disdainful compliance; but she turned pale and shrank back as though she had received a blow. She had recognized Karens, the nurse to whom the care of her infant had been confined at the time of her own almost fatal illness.

Karens' black eyes shone with an uncanny light from beneath the iron-grey hair which had escaped from her cap, and hung in elf-locks over her brown, wrinkled forehead.

"I see you know me," she said, harshly, "so I will go on with my story. Years ago I smothered your child in my sleep. It was an accident; but I was sorely frightened, and in my terror I substituted my own little Gretchen for your Rachel. For the girl's sake I have kept silence until now; but I am getting old, and I want my child."

Mr. Altendorf's ruddy face had grown very pale as he listened. There was an air of probability about the plain, unhesitating narration which cut him to the heart.

"Friends," he said, courteously, turning to his guests, "may I ask you to leave us alone with this strange, sudden trouble? Under the circumstances my daughter's marriage will unavoidably be postponed. You, Raoul," turning to the bridegroom, who had stood listening with a frown upon his dark face, "you may stay if you like, for you are as deeply interested as we ourselves are."

But Raoul uttered confusedly a few indistinct words of apology and went with the rest.

Karens looked after him with a scornful expression in her black eyes, until he had disappeared. Then she turned towards Rachel.

"See," she said, "I have done you one good turn. I have saved you from a worthless bridegroom. What man, with a heart in his body, would have turned his back upon the girl he loved without so much as one word of sympathy for her trouble?"

Rachel had stood as though stunned, looking from one to the other of the group with wide, sad eyes, as though wondering, yet fearing to hear each new disclosure.

At Karens' words, Mr. Altendorf moved towards the stricken girl, and laid his hand tenderly upon her head.

"Hush, woman!" he said, sternly. "Is the mischief you have done not sufficient that you must add to it?"

Then he softened his voice to a tone of persuasion.

"Come," he said, "tell us the whole truth without reserve, and even if you are Rachel's mother I will forgive you, and give you a large sum of money to go away and never come back to trouble us. No matter what happens, Rachel is my own dear daughter, and no tie of blood could strengthen my love for her. I will not give her up."

With a sudden cry, Rachel threw her arms about her father's neck, and a burst of tears came to her relief.

"Oh, my father!" she sobbed, "then I have not lost all! It seemed as though one fell blow had swept away parents, friends, and—and——"

"No, my own Rachel. Believe it not."

And the girl found herself clasped in motherly arms.

"Thinkest thou that love is a plant which can be withered by a bad woman's idle words?"

Mrs. Altendorf's look would have scorched old Karens, if the indignant fire in her eyes could have taken such a tangible effect.

A mixture of emotions was pictured upon Karens' face as she listened. But all was merged into one of intense surprise, as Rachel disengaged herself from the loving arms that encircled her, and moved hesitatingly towards the woman who had thus disturbed her peace.

Rachel's was one of those rare organizations to which duty is ever a paramount

consideration. A martyr's spirit dwelt in that slender frame.

She would have gone heroically to the stake, rather than yield up one principle. So now she went to this poor creature, criminated by her own confession.

"Why did you wait so long?" she said. "Do you not see what harm you have done? That the poor, little dead child, who should have been in my place, is far, far better off than the living one who has been made to act the part of a usurper? Oh, how could you do it?"

There was a pathos in Rachel's voice which might have touched a heart of stone. But, to all appearance, Karena was unmoved.

"It is not for a child to question a parent," she said, sharply. "You had better, instead, stir around and get your things on to accompany me home. It'll be very handy to have a daughter to take care of me, even if she has been brought up a bit delicate. She'll soon learn."

Rachel shivered. The woman's cold, sarcastic words gave her a sensation akin to physical pain.

"Rachel is of age," said Mr. Altendorf. "You can have no influence over her excepting that which she is willing to give you. So you had better be cautious, and not be too hasty, or you will not gain much, even if your story proves true, which I doubt. No real mother could be so heartless. Go now, and collect your evidence. To-morrow I will be in a more fit state to canvass it."

As the woman turned to go her poverty-stricken garb and her trembling steps caused a sudden pity to mingle with the shrinking horror with which Rachel regarded her.

"Stay," she said, laying one delicate hand upon Karena's arm. "Do you need money? If so, you shall have it."

In response to Rachel's pleading look, Mr Altendorf drew out some coins, and offered them to Karena; but she refused them.

"I am no beggar," she said. "I only want my rights, and to-morrow I will have them," and with a long, keen look at Rachel's face, the woman went her way. As she gained the outer air, her thin lips compressed themselves vindictively, and she murmured, "At last my revenge is near. The object of my life is well-nigh gained."

An affecting scene ensued between Rachel and her parents when they were alone again together. How to reconcile Rachel's tender conscience as to the course to adopt towards Karena, if that wretched woman proved to be her mother was a puzzling question. But several days passed, and Karena did not come.

Rachel's health had succumbed to the pressure of anxiety and sorrow, and she was no longer cognizant of passing events, lying white and insensible from exhaustion between the attacks of wild delirium that characterized her feverish intervals. Another disappointment had troubled Mr. Altendorf. Raoul Garcelon had not come near to offer his sympathy, and one morning a cold little note had been left at the door by his servant. It ran thus:—

"HONORED FRIENDS:—I have failed to add to the sorrows of one who so nearly became my wife on the memorable evening which marked the downfall of my hopes of happiness by raising anticipations which, of course, would be again destroyed if Miss Rachel is proven not to be your daughter. No Garcelon, of course, could wed with one from the lower, even (I must say sorrowfully) the criminal classes. So, as you see, I must remain in a painful position of uncertainty as to whether I am Miss Altendorf's future suitor, or simply her friend and well-wisher, as well as your devoted servant,

RAOUL GARCELON."

Mr. Altendorf ran his eye over the note, and then gave it to his wife with a look of contempt.

"Read, Carmen," he said, "and see what a heartless rascal our Rachel came near calling her husband. Thank Heaven, he has shown himself now in his true colors. No matter what happens, he shall never again enter these doors."

Mrs. Altendorf's indignation showed itself in her sparkling eyes, as, after reading the epistle, she threw it upon the floor and placed her foot upon it.

"Who would have thought it, Josef? He seemed such a fine, pleasant young man! Isn't it strange that Rachel has not once mentioned his name? I hope her heart was not fully enlisted in his favor, for she has such strong feelings it would just put the finishing stroke to her troubles and kill her. I hope for the best, though, for she had seen him so few times; and she has always been so obedient to our wishes, I verily believe she would have accepted the husband we chose for her had he been old and ugly instead of young and handsome. Ah, Josef, if we had taken that fine, blue eyed Carl von Hatzel But poor, mercenary creatures that we were, Raoul's money-bags tipped the scale in his favor."

"You say truly wife. Carl would never have been stolen away like a thief in the night, and left the girl of his choice in trouble. I would really feel comforted now to feel the clasp of the boy's hand I always did like Carl; only he seemed too much of a boy for a husband to our queenly Rachel."

A quick step was even now heard sounding through the hall, and as if in answer to the wish, the door opened, and the servant showed in a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth, who barely waited to exchange greetings with his friends before he held out a paper and pointed to an article in the columns of personal events.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

And much to Mr. Altendorf's surprise he saw a notice that the engagement between Rachel Altendorf and Raoul Garcelon was off, owing to family reasons of a painful nature.

It was not long before Carl knew all. As he listened an intense interest was pictured in his speaking face.

"If Rachel is free!" he exclaimed, impetuously, "give her to me! I don't want a penny with her. I am doing well, and can take good care of her. I have always loved her, as you well know."

"Softly, boy," said Mr. Altendorf, smiling in spite of himself at Carl's earnestness. "Rachel is not without friends, as you seem to think."

Then, as Carl hung his head at the implied reproof, he took his hand in a hearty, sympathetic clasp.

"Do not misunderstand me. I saw what you meant, and I honor you for your truth and loyalty. But you must wait and see what time brings forth. Poor Rachel is very ill, and it is not at all probable that, with such an experience of a lover's selfishness, she will soon turn her thoughts upon another, be he an angel from Heaven.

"But," broke in Carl, impetuously, "will you be my friend with her and give me a chance to win her? I care not how long I have to wait."

"But you will have to be guarded in your manner. Do not let her imagine your object, or she would shut her heart from you at once. You must steal into her affections as it were unawares. I will stand your friend, though; you may be sure I want no more Raoul Garcelons around, with their smooth ways and marble hearts."

Another week passed in the same suspense. Then a message was sent to Mr Altendorf to come to a dying woman, and to bring with him a magistrate, as she wished to make a deposition.

It was Karena, and changed fearfully. She had been taken with a hemorrhage, and had been lying for some days at death's door. She had made use of her first strength to send for him, as the physician had told her it was but the rally previous to the last struggle, and that she must attend quickly to what she had to do.

"I am a wicked sinner!" she said, fixing her feverishly bright eyes on Mr. Altendorf's face. "I hated Raoul Garcelon for his father's sake. He had the same smooth ways, and he made my life a curse from my youth up; so I revenged myself upon his son, where he would most feel it, by striking a blow at his intended wife. Heaven has stricken me for my sins, but a feeling of remorse had hold of me before the red life blood started from my lungs. That angel-faced being who, amid the destruction of her own hopes, could spare a thought to the wretched old Karena' comfort, completed the first conquest over my intended sin. I cannot harm her to gratify my spite, Rachel is your own true daughter.

"I had my plans well laid to mislead you. I never had a child of my own, but I adopted one, and I caused all the papers to be made out that would be needed to prove her death, and that I had put Rachel in her place. Then I completed my wickedness by swearing to the truth of my statement.

"But upon my dying bed I swear now that it was not so, and I will give you a picture of my little Gretchen that you may see for yourself how impossible it would be for a child to have been mistaken for her. You can see that her eyes are like the sky in June, and her hair as yellow as the blessed sunshine."

She sank back exhausted. After a time she raised herself again, with a wild look of horror.

"Do you think I can be forgiven? It is my only crime, and—I—am—sorry."

A sudden red dyed the pale lips, and flowed down upon her breast in a tiny trickling stream. It was her life current. The next moment her question was answered. She knew whether, like the thief upon the cross her tardy repentance had saved her at the eleventh hour.

When Raoul Garcelon learned the truth he was wild with rage and mortification, but it was too late.

Rachel rose from her long and trying illness renewed in health and strength. It is true that the lines of the beautiful face had become sharper and more clearly outlined, and that the roses upon her cheeks were a shade fainter than of old, but it gave an added charm to her loveliness.

The closing scene of our story is at the expiration of three years from its commencement. Again it is at a wedding festive.

But the bride's eyes no longer turn constantly and timidly away from her lover's face. They now and then steal a look at the beaming, happy countenance of her faithful Carl; and if by chance they intercept one of his radiant, loving, tender glances, a soft blush warms the delicate oval face, and steals up even to the soft, curling rings of jet-black hair which have replaced the massive braids of old, which had to be cut off during the fearful struggle when life and death fought for the mastery over her slender frame.

Happy bride and groom! for Love has lighted the torch at their marriage feast.

REMARKABLE ANTIPATHIES.—Aranius Lutianus knew a monk who fainted when a rose was shown to him, and while that flower was in bloom was afraid to quit his cell.

The celebrated physician Petard' Apono, could not endure the smell of cheese, and fainted when it was put near him; and there is still, we believe, in existence a treatise on this subject called "De Averruncus," written by Martin Schoockius, a professor of philosophy, who also possessed this singular antipathy.

Scaliger mentions one of his relations who could not look at a lily, and Montaigne mentions some men who had more dread of apples than of musket balls.

The brave and daring Duke of Epernon swooned with terror at the sight of a lavaret, although he could look at a bare unmoved.

Cæsar d'Abret could not sit at the table on which a sucking pig was placed unless, curiously enough to add, its head had been previously removed.

Bonnardes relates other instances as extraordinary in the Mercure de France, one of which was that of a soldier who turned faint whenever linen was cut in his presence.

Thomas Hobbes had such a terror of darkness at night that if left in it without a light he would swoon.

Tycho Brahe grew sick with terror at the sight of a fox or hare.

Bayle was seized with convulsions when he heard the noise of water falling from a rainspout.

Zimmermann mentions a lady who would shudder at the touch of silk, satin, or the velvety skin of a peach.

Bayle has placed on record the case of a man who had so powerful a dislike of honey, that when it was introduced without his knowledge into a plaster applied to his foot, he immediately detected it, and insisted upon its removal.

Julia, a daughter of Frederick, King of Naples, could not taste meat without experiencing dangerous consequences.

Scaliger turned pale at the sight of watercresses.

Erasmus became feverish when he smelt fish; Henry III. of France swooned at the sight of a cat, and Marshal d'Albert at the presence of a pig.

DON'T CRACK THE FINGER JOINTS.—Many people have the habit of bending and pressing down the fingers till a sound something like a crack is emitted from the joints; but they would give up that habit if they knew the injury to the nerves of the fingers that might accrue therefrom.

The crack is caused by the temporary dislocation of the joint, and each time this occurs the nerves in that part are affected in such a manner as to increase their irritability, or, in other words, their liability to be stimulated into action and induce the muscles to act at the slightest cause.

If the practice is continued, this irritability is accentuated as years go by, and many old men, who have lost in a great measure the control of their fingers, which can often be seen trembling, owe that affliction in no small degree to this pernicious habit of cracking the finger joints.

At Home and Abroad.

The Buffalo wheelmen are in for a hard time, if the new city bicycle ordinance is enforced to the letter. It prescribes that every person "by means of a bell or whistle shall give proper and sufficient warning upon approaching a pedestrian," so as to enable such pedestrian to avoid a collision. Another part of the ordinance prescribes a penalty of $20 for "any such person who shall fail or neglect to give such warning."

Dr. Walker, a prospector in Alaska, took some horses up with him. At the first Indian village the sight of the horses drove all the dogs howling into the woods. The children dropped their rude playthings and fled crying into the huts. The men and women stood their ground, although in open-eyed wonder. After much inducement they were finally prevailed upon to approach the horses, and their wonder knew no bounds. No amount of persuasion would induce them to mount. They were the first horses they had ever seen.

Russians are fond of telling the story of an answer given to the Emperor when his Majesty proposed to his future wife. "The Emperor, my father, has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart," was the Czarewitch's quaint way of putting it. "And my grandmother, the Queen," replied the lady, "has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand; your heart I will take myself." It is said, on good authority, that the Emperor is passionately devoted to his wife, and that she is equally fond of him.

A missionary at Uganda, referring to the women recently sent out to that post by the Church Missionary Society, says: "Their arrival caused great joy to the natives, especially to the women, and no small amount of comment. The waists of the English ladies attracted great attention. The natives instantly gave the ladies the name of 'slender-middled.' The king asked various cool questions—how old they were, etc., and they told him. He then said, on noticing their ample sleeves, that they must put all their food up their sleeves, as it evidently did not go inside."

According to a British medical authority on diet, "ill-temper is a chronic moral complaint." In England, and in no other country are so many lives made miserable and homes rendered unhappy by this defect of character. In a work on "Diet in Sickness and Health" the authority in question ascribes the sad phenomenon to the excessive consumption of meat by her compatriots. Behold the vegetarian Ansiette! Who ever saw a rice-eating Chinese boatman abuse the moon-eyed companion of his life? And how sweet are the shrill tones in which the Oriental wife retorts to the love pats of her mate! Let the English give up roast beef and eat rice, and instead of having to complain of being the most heartily hated people on earth they will become the most congenial and most lovable!

There are countless stories of the intelligence of elephants, but this one is new. A child in throwing a biscuit to an elephant dropped it between the cage and the barrier in such a place that it was out of the reach both of the child and the elephant. The latter, however, blew the biscuit with his trunk until the child could reach it, and throw it into his mouth. This happened several times; but the sequel shows that the elephant's reasoning powers were not of the strongest. The child had made many futile efforts to throw the biscuit far enough into the cage, and at last a bystander thought he would help him, and taking the biscuit from the child was about to throw it, when the elephant, evidently seriously displeased, struck him a severe blow on the arm with his trunk, clearly not grasping the kind intention.

SEAL

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Our Young Folks.

THE BIG GOOSEBERRY.

BY T. L.

THE big gooseberry hung on his bough all alone. There he dangled, insolent and round, and turned a ripening countenance towards the sun, which shone with midsummer heat.

No little brothers or sisters decorated the bough, for the big gooseberry had, so to speak, starved them all out by taking more than his fair share of sap from the parent stem, and one by one they had withered up and dropped to the ground.

It was not in the nature of the big gooseberry to take any notice of these unhappy relatives of his, for, to tell the truth, he was as selfish as he was vain, and that is saying much.

He he did not even glance at the shriveled bodies of his kindred, but summed himself with extreme calmness, for he was aware that he was rapidly becoming sweeter and sweeter.

Presently the other fruits and vegetables in the garden fell to comparing notes about their portly neighbor.

"At all events," observed a sour apple, "he's unfeelingly conceited."

"And such a heartless egotist, too," snowled the black currant, looking even blacker than usual.

"Yes, that's what I can't forgive him," remarked the lettuce. "For him to hang calmly there and see his weaker relatives slowly perishing for want of the nourishment which he was absorbing, was conduct highly reprehensible, if not absolutely cannibalistic. I weep when I think of the poor things' awful fate."

And the lettuce, shaking herself with emotion, shed quite a shower of dewy tears.

"It's only natural that she should be affected," observed a radish sotto voce to an early beetroot, "for everyone knows that she has a tender heart."

The early beetroot rustled his leaves in agreement.

"But, to return to that gooseberry fellow," he said, "I earnestly wish some bird would come and peck him. Why, he'll soon be redder than I am if he goes on coloring at his present rate. Oh, for a bird to peck him!"

When, however, a juvenile yellowhammer flitted that way, and perched inquiringly on the gooseberry bush, the big gooseberry bristled his hairs at the intruder in so menacing a fashion that the yellowhammer almost tumbled off his twig with fright.

"Go away!" blustered the big gooseberry. "Go, away, you ridiculous atom, and devour something of your own size! I'll warrant I'm wider round the waist than you are, if only your feathers were off."

This bombastic utterance so impressed the yellowhammer that he took flight at once, without even attempting to inflict an experimental dig upon the big gooseberry, who was left smiling in his most arrogant manner.

"Will nothing ever lower that puffed up creature's pride?" murmured the early beetroot, in disappointed accents.

"We'll see," answered an adjacent vegetable marrow plant thoughtfully.

That afternoon the owner of the garden came strolling round his domain, and he paused in wonder before the gooseberry bush.

"What a giant!" he exclaimed. "I'll allow it to get a little larger if it can, and then I'll take its dimensions and write about it to the local newspaper."

The big gooseberry overheard these words, and of course became ten times more haughty in his demeanor than he had been before. Moreover, he swallowed such a huge gulp of sap, that the gooseberries on the other branches of the bush commenced to tremble for their existence.

"You heard that, the rest of you," bragged the big gooseberry, intoxicated with vanity and sap. "I'm to be measured, and my biography is to be published in the local newspaper. This is fame indeed!"

As the other occupants of the garden did not offer any rejoinder to his remark, the big gooseberry curled his "nose" at them contemptuously, and straightway fell asleep in the sunshine.

"He's simply intolerable!" exclaimed the sour apple, with more than ordinary tartness.

"There'll soon be no living in the same acre with him," said the black-currant.

"I think about his unfortunate relatives," whimpered the lettuce.

"That's her tender heart again," reflected the radish.

"Will nobody set him down a peg or two?" demanded the early beetroot, for the second time.

"We'll see," once more responded the vegetable-marrow plant. "I'm growing a young marrow as fast as I can in his direction, and when it gets to him, it's just possible something may happen, for I have a little scheme in my roots."

A vegetable marrow plant, you must know, always carries its schemes in its roots.

All that afternoon the vegetable marrow plant thrust forward a long arm, and the long arm carried the young marrow with it. As night fell, the young marrow rested right under the bush of the big gooseberry; but the big gooseberry did not catch sight of his visitor till the moon rose. At first he thought he was having a nightmare, but by twisting on his stalk until it hurt, he finally convinced himself that he was wide awake.

"What a terrible blow!" he ejaculated, peering horror stricken through the illusive moonbeams, which greatly confused his vision. "I declare that new-comer is a bigger gooseberry than I am!"

The young marrow lay still and said nothing.

"And I never for a moment imagined that I should ever have a rival," concluded the big gooseberry, shuddering all over.

With that he began to drink say as if for a wager. He had resolved to outgrow his competitor.

But drink as he might, he still remained smaller than the young marrow, though by degrees he succeeded in increasing his bulk to a considerable extent. His tightly-distended skin glistened in the moonlight, and he felt excessively uncomfortable.

"Oh, dear!" he cried; "I'm sure some calamity is impending. I trust I'm not going to——"

Pop!

He had been about to add "not going to be unwell," but "pop" concluded his sentence much more appropriately. As a matter of fact, the big gooseberry had exploded!

And that was the end of him, for he had drunk so much sap, and had consequently exploited with so much violence, that he was quite past recovery. Not to exaggerate, his skin was all that remained of the big gooseberry.

The sour apple, the black currant, and the early beetroot congratulated the vegetable marrow plant on the success of her scheme, and agreed that it served the big gooseberry exactly right. Even the tender-hearted lettuce declined to shed tears over him, though the radish had half expected that she would do so. Nor did the big gooseberry's brothers and sisters who were left upon the bush make any pretence of sorrow. They were thinking how nicely they would be able to swell out in the days that were coming.

But when the owner of the garden arrived on the spot with his tape measure, he showed signs of extreme vexation, which was, of course excusable in the circumstances, seeing that he had mentally composed a most beautiful letter to the local newspaper, and now realised that it would never be put into print. He was eventually consoled, however, for he took a first prize at the agricultural show with the vegetable-marrow plant's young marrow, which grew up into a perfect monster.

HOW MY BUBBLE BURST.

BY E. G. T.

I HAD never admired a picture so much before, and never had I envied anybody as I did that little boy in the green velvet suit, so happily busy blowing soap bubbles! Lucky little boy!

The picture hung opposite my bed when Reggie and I went to stay with Great-aunt Deborah, when mother was ill.

But of course Great-aunt Deborah would never have heard of such a thing. She was so very prim and particular, and her house all so very beautiful and clean and tidy.

So the longing to blow soap bubbles grew daily stronger in me. Somehow or other, I determined to buy a clay pipe, and have a try when no one could interfere with me. The opportunity soon came.

One day, Great-aunt Deborah, in a fit of grim good humor, graciously presented me with a shilling, because I had played her my new piece nicely on the piano, and had showed, as she put it, "Considerable aptitude and powers of application in my musical studies"—whatever that might mean.

"Soap bubbles!" I said to myself, with joy, as I thanked her heartily aloud, and even went so far as to give her a peck of a kiss on her withered cheek.

But a great difficulty presented itself. How on earth was I to get the clay pipe? There was not such a thing in the house. Great-aunt Deborah just hated smoking. More than one of her little page boys had been summarily dismissed because he had been detected in the forbidden act, and even the gardener was only allowed to smoke in the greenhouse because it was good for the flowers.

By great good luck, however, my chance came. Out for a walk next day, when Reggie and our French maid, Justine, stopped at the sweet shop to spend the six pence Aunt Deborah had given Reggie—for no other reason that I could find out than that he had pretty golden curls and a dear little face—I waited outside. The next shop but one was the village tobacconist's, with a colored pole hanging over the door, and pipes of all sorts hanging in the window.

I mustered up all my courage, and opening the door walked boldly in.

"A white pipe, please; and how much?"

The man behind the counter stared at me. Another man, dressed up in a white dressing gown, and his face all covered with white soap, laughed out loud.

"You're beginning early!" he said rudely.

I got red up to my ears, and putting down my money, and catching up my treasure, fled from the shop.

I was not discovered. Reggie and Justine were still busily engaged deciding the knotty point of choice between acid drops and sugar candy, and had not missed me.

How long the rest of the morning seemed! and would the carriage never come to take Great-aunt Deborah for her afternoon's ride?

I was in luck. After dinner Justine had the migraine, as she called it, and went to lie down in her room, leaving us in Aunt Deborah's boudoir, promising to be very good. As I knew of old that Justine's headaches always lasted some time, I determined to occupy the time over my soap bubbles.

I had hidden a piece of soap in my pocket when I washed my hands for dinner, and there was the water, too, ready in Great-aunt's water can by the flower pots. But what to do for a basin to mix the soap suds in?

I looked round. There were several small cups and saucers of Great-aunt's on the mantelpiece and the cabinet, but none large enough. At last I decided to take a pretty Chinese-looking bowl that occupied a place of honor on a whatnot, promising myself to take great care of it. What else could I have done? To go to my room and fetch my own wash hand basin would have been to arouse Justine, and have led to the spoiling of my delightful scheme.

Everything to hand, I set to work to mix the suds. Reggie was playing in the passage with his train, and there was no one to see me but Aunt Deborah's great grey parrot, and he was asleep in his cage in a corner. I brewed my soapsuds, and began to blow. At first I could not manage it, and wished I had had my little friend in green velvet to show me how. I puffed and puffed and swallowed some soapsuds, but at last I triumphed.

Out it came, small at first, but expanding as it rose, round and transparent, of all the colors of the rainbow, floating, floating, higher and higher, till it ended in a dab of soapsuds on Aunt's velvet tablecloth.

I was delighted. I blew and I blew, one after another, till I had a perfect army of little balloons floating about my head, and had forgotten everything and everybody else.

Suddenly the door opened. I started and turned round, spoiling a most lovely bubble. But it was only Reggie, after all.

"Go away, Reggie, and play with your train like a good little boy, and don't come and bother me," I said, rather crossly, I'm afraid.

"I don't want to go away, and I don't want to play with my train, and what are you doing, Dosie?"

For all answer I blew an enormous bubble right over his head.

Reggie stared a moment, and then gave a shriek of delight. He woke up Polly in the corner, and Polly, seeing something unusual was taking place, thought she would put in a word.

"Polly!" she screamed. "Hullo!"

It was my turn to start now. Polly's voice was so human, that I thought some one was watching me. In my fright I upset the bowl of soapsuds. With a smash it fell to the ground, broke in several pieces, and its contents poured all over my new frock, Aunt's velvet tablecloth, brocade-covered sofa and beautiful carpet.

I was sent to bed in disgrace, with a long piece of poetry to learn, and the horrid little boy in green velvet sat, as it seemed to me, laughing at me, and blowing bubbles all the while.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Only one person in 1000 dies from old age.

Scientific lectures are delivered to prisoners in some English jails.

Deep and rapid breathing is recommended as a means of stopping hiccough.

Boston had just made appropriations for six new playgrounds in different parts of the city.

Some females seem to think the marriage ceremony is the entombment of wo[illegible]

The hottest place in the United States is Bagdad, Ariz. At that place the thermometer often registers 130 degrees in the shade for days together.

San Bernandino, Cal., is said to be the largest county in the United States, covering 21,172 square miles.

A flowering plant is said to abstract from the soil two hundred times its own weight in water.

The nightingale is the only bird that sings at night, and the lark the only one that sings while flying.

Exposure to sunlight is one of the best disinfectants for clothing known. The light passing through glass will not do it.

French wheelmen have adopted a code of signals by whistle. The whistle is much used in France in preference to the bell.

Thirty years ago the bows on bonnets were worn on the right side by married ladies, and on the left by those in single blessedness.

A daughter of James Mullen, of Miami, Saline county, Mo., has died from eating mulberries that had been stung by locusts.

From the carcass of a cow that died of rabies at Potter's Mills, Pa., a dozen dogs contracted hydrophobia and a boy was bitten.

One hundred Chicago women swept a street in that city, the other day, after vain attempts to persuade the authorities to do something.

The Connolly family, living near West York, Crawford county, Ind., have ten children ranging from six feet nine to five feet eleven, the shortest a daughter. They weigh 2,277 pounds.

The ox-eye daisy, which bothers American farmers, is now spreading in many agricultural districts in Australia, being introduced with haywood. It causes damage to grass lands.

It is said that the poison from the bite of a mad dog may be neutralized by washing the wound as soon as possible in warm vinegar and water, and dropping a little muriatic acid into the wound.

It is recommended that every lifeboat carried by ships should be provided with a bottle of citric acid, which precipitates chlorids of sodium, and, it is now claimed, converts sea water into a palatable drink.

The Emperor of China is editor-in-chief of the Pekin Gazette, a daily that has been published for the last 800 years. His mother and the Cabinet are assistant editors, and no court gossip ever gets into the paper.

At Anderson's Bay, near Dunedin, New Zealand, a few weeks ago, four men are said to have captured a [illegible] weighing almost two tons, on [illegible] almost ten feet [illegible] Its tail, when [illegible] cubit and it [illegible] feet long.

It is a mistake to suppose that night air in towns is unhealthy. In most cases it is purer between 10 at night and 6 in the morning than any other part of the twenty-four hours. It is beneficial to sleep with the window open four inches from the top, and the door tightly closed.

It is announced that another addition has just been made to the many curious State monopolies in France. The liquid resulting from the washing and soaking of tobacco leaves, which is used by farmers and horticulturists as an insecticide, is now sold in sealed casks by the Government tobacconists.

The mountains of the moon are immensely larger in proportion than those of the earth. The moon is but one forty ninth the size of the earth, but its mountain peaks are nearly as high; twenty two are higher than Mt. Blanc, which is within a few feet of three miles high. The highest is a little more than four miles and a half.

In speaking of some of the vagaries of the recent cyclone the St. Louis Republic says that on the day following that awful visitation a newspaper man "picked up a dead robin in the centre of Lafayette Park. On one side of the bird all of the feathers were intact. On the other side there was no sign that there had ever been a feather on the white skin. Even the upper part of the leg was entirely denuded."

Wilhelm, who is now thirteen, and Eitel, twelve, the little sons of the German Emperor, when spending their holidays in Switzerland, amused themselves in their spare time in manœuvring small leaden soldiers. A hundred boxes of these, representing German infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in castles and fortresses to be stormed and taken, were sent to them at Constance, their father encouraging them in every way to cultivate a love for the game of war.

A SUMMER VISION.

BY W. W. LORD.

Beside the rippling river side,
Where meadows bask in summer sun,
There winds a cool and shady lane,
Where birds sing as the day is done.

Adown this lane the roses bloom,
And robins sing adown this lane;
And on the grass where pressed your feet:
The violets droop, then bloom again.

And through the quiet dreamy air,
Come far off sounds that clearly tell
Of hum of bee and plovers' call,
And tinkle of a tiny bell.

'Twas there I dreamed a dream with you,
As radiant as the summer day;
And ever since that happy time,
The summer lingers there alway.

And so I ever see you, sweet,
With sunlight falling on your hair,
With sunlight over all the land,
And sunlight radiant everywhere.

ELEPHANTS ON TRIAL.

A correspondent writes: "Elephants are very particular about their rights. For instance, when formed upon parade, the senior or longest serving elephant takes the right of the rank, the others forming up in succession according to their seniority, just like soldiers, the tallest man always taking the right, the others forming on his left according to size.

"If, say, No. 9 elephant, by mistake or otherwise, formed up on the right of No. 7, elephants No. 7 and No. 8 would push him bodily out of their way. There is quite frequently a tremendous row in the ranks occasioned by this sort of thing, and only stopped by the officer in command shouting 'Attention!'

"There was one battery in India of which I took particular notice, as I lay in the same station with it for a long time; in fact, I became just as well acquainted with the men and elephants as if I really belonged to the battery. It was known as the 1st battery of the 1st brigade of garrison artillery. We were stationed at Campbellpore, near Rawul Pindi, Bengal.

"On one occasion I noticed, as the battery fell in as usual for morning parade, a scuffle in the centre between two elephants, originating by No. 9 elephant forming up on the right-hand side of No. 8 elephant. No. 8 objected to this, and by reining back out of the ranks and pushing forward again jammed in between No. 9 and No. 7, being particular to knock as roughly against No. 9 as possible.

"No. 9 gunner was angry and not easily pacified. He said No. 8 gunner did it himself, and not the elephant. The consequence was a fierce fight. No. 9 proved more than a match for No. 8 and kept hitting him unmercifully, when No. 8 elephant, who had lingered behind the other elephants, apparently suspecting mischief, ran to the rescue, and, picking No. 9 gunner up with his trunk, threw him up into the air. He was afterward found in an unconscious condition and revived with difficulty, though practically unhurt.

"No 8 elephant was brought as a prisoner to the orderly room and charged with violent assault. It is a fact that in India elephants are tried and punished by reducing their diet, by terms of imprisonment or flogging, all according to the merit of their crime.

"Shortly after this I happened to be appointed a member of the court-martial ordered to assemble at Campbellpore for the purpose of trying Elephant Abdul (No. 15) for causing the death of Syce Rambouclee. This court-martial was certainly most the impressive I ever witnessed. The prisoner, with eyes filled with tears, was marched in front of us between an escort composed of No. 2 and No. 3 elephants. Along with them came all the witnesses.

"The president of the court-martial was Major Cameron, a gray-haired man, who had been for years in India. He read the charge: 'Elephant Abdul is charged with causing the death of Syce Rambouclee by catching him by the legs in his trunk, and beating his brains out against the wall of the grain hut.'

"Seeing the elephant's eyes swimming in tears, the major said: 'It's no use; that game won't do for me. I am quite accustomed to see tears, and never take any notice of them. I see by this defaulter book that you have been guilty of no fewer than sixteen crimes of injuring people, and I have not the slightest compassion for you.' We members all agreed with the major, and, after a short adjournment, found Abdul guilty, and sentenced him to fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment.

"When the elephant was marched backed a prisoner he roared, crying not from grief for having killed Rambouclee though, but for his own sake. Three days after I was informed the flogging process would take place, and as I was very anxious to see how the gigantic Abdul would stand his punishment, I resolved to be an eye-witness to this painful though necessary mode of enforcing discipline.

"When I arrived on the scene I found the whole battery drawn up in a square, fourteen elephants forming one side and the non-commissioned officers and men the other three sides. In the centre were the two huge elephants, the prisoner, Abdul, and his flogger, Lalla, No. 1. It always falls to the senior elephant's lot to inflict the punishment.

"Beside these two elephants all officers of the battery, the provosts, the brigadier, the major and the doctor, were in the centre, and elephants Nos. 2 and 3 stood on either flank as an escort in case the prisoner might try to escape. There were four great iron pegs driven into the ground, to each of which one of the prisoner's legs was chained. Lalla, No. 1 elephant, stood by with a huge cable chain fastened around her trunk, waiting further orders.

"When all was pronounced ready the doctor, who stood with a watch in his hand, gave the signal to begin. Lalla raised her trunk in the air, gave it two turns and down came the cable with terrific force on Abdul's back. A loud thud was heard, followed by an unearthly roar from the unfortunate Abdul. Again the doctor gave the signal and down came the cable with terrific force, causing more roaring.

"Again and again it came down, until the full number of lashes were given, after which the prisoner was marched back to his quarters, trembling from head to foot, and having a few lumps on his back as the result of the lashing. The parade was dismissed and things went on as usual."

Grains of Gold.

Never weary of well-doing.

True nobility shows itself in doing good.

Every sin suffered to remain in the heart, raises a family.

Beware of the man who tries to whitewash sin of any kind.

The greatest man is the one who renders the greatest service.

The man who is trying to get to heaven alone, is not fit to go.

Our liberality does not consist in what we give, but in what we have left.

Some folks make a specialty of picking out crosses for other people to carry.

People who carry sunshine with them, shine the brightest in the darkest places.

The man who can learn from his own mistakes, will always be learning something.

Two things a man should never be angry at—what he can help and what he cannot help.

Men are alike in nature, but different in character. They are one family, but many children.

The Chinese have a shrewd saying that a near neighbor is better than a distant relative.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then the measure without excess.

Love is the greatest thing in the world, and yet nine people out of ten are after money.

Femininities.

Joan of Arc was 5 feet 4 inches in height, as proved by measurement of a suit of armor worn by her.

A Police Judge at Minneapolis, Kan., has had only one case before him in the four years he has held office.

A.: She is the occasion of lots of talk wherever she goes. B.: Indeed! A.: Yes, she always plays the piano, you know.

She: I notice that it is the single men who are the most anxious to go to war. He, much married: Yes. They don't know what war is.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, is ambidextrous. He can shave with a razor in each hand, and write with two pens at the same time.

Cycling has become so fashionable among young women in London that it has given rise to a new profession for older but still active women—that of cycling chaperone.

Those who object to tea leaves for sweeping carpets can use freshly cut grass instead. It answers the same purpose for preventing dust, and gives the carpet a fresh, bright look.

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive?" "Yes, sir; but his hairs all gone."

Stockings are first mentioned in literature as being already worn in Italy about the year 1100. They are alluded to as a great invention, and far superior to the former practice of wrapping the feet in cloth bandages.

Young man, to messenger boy: What did the young lady say when you gave her the flowers? Messenger Boy: She asked the young fellow who was sitting on the porch with her if he didn't want some for a buttonhole.

A historic cotton wood tree in Greeley, Col., was blown down by a storm the other day. Susan, the sister of Ouray, the chief of the Utes at the time of the Meeker massacre, was once tied to it to be burned, but she was rescued by a detachment of United States soldiers from Fort Collins.

In the village of Pomfret, a few miles from Putnam, Conn., lives the only surviving great-great granddaughter of General Israel Putnam. It is here that the celebrated Wolf's den is located, and the home of Mrs. Mary Putnam Sharpe, who is 84 years old. Her grandmother was General Putnam's favorite daughter.

At one time the Queen had quite a fancy for keeping the portraits of actors. When specially pleased with anyone's performance she would secure three, four, or even a half dozen pictures of the same person, and would have them placed in the Windsor photograph albums, or would scatter them about the tables in the music room.

Society editor: Mr. Willis tells me that his family will spend the summer in the mountains, and his wife says they will go to the seashore. Had I better defer mentioning the matter until I get more definite information?" Managing Editor: I don't see what more definite information you want. She told you they were going to the seashore, didn't she?"

Mlle. Jeanne Benaben, of France, though only 18 years of age, has taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts from a French college. After her graduation she became a professor of philosophy in a girls' school in Lyons. She was recently a candidate for the important degree of Licentiate in Philosophy. She emerged from an extraordinarily severe examination third out of 200 candidates.

A trainer lately revealed his method of meeting a conjugal storm. His plan, he said, was to keep silent and nod his acquiescence to everything—no matter what—said by his spouse. "Yes," remarked one of his friends; "but then she has it all her own way." "Just so," replied the Tyke, with satisfaction; "and nothing annoys her so much. There is nothing woman hate like a walk-over."

Serious thought seems to be entertained in Wyoming of running a woman for Governor this year, or at least of placing her name before the Convention. The woman is Miss Estelle Reel, the State Superintendent of Education. She has conducted the affairs of her important department with great skill, tact and business ability, and has won favor with the people of all parties. Before smiling at this suggestion, it is worth recalling that Wyoming women have full suffrage and vote for all officers, including Presidential Electors. Miss Reel also belongs to the dominant political party.

It requires careful cleaning to keep the silver bright on a tortoise-shell comb or on a shell or ebony backed brush. To touch the ebony or shell with polishing powder is to dull it beyond restoration. The silver should receive a little attention each day, polishing it with a bit of chamois. If it becomes clouded wrap a piece of chamois about a blunt stick and with this deftly apply a little ammonia to the silver. An after rubbing with dry chamois will restore the lustre. Great care must be used to avoid the touching any part but the silver, as the ammonia would ruin the shell.

Masculinities.

Chicago has a young woman who is the representative of a cooperage concern. She buys and sells staves and heading, and does it well.

A New Orleans thief returned some abstracted clothing that proved too small, and wrote to the owner that he would wait for him to grow.

The men of science say that the way for a man to secure sleep is to think of nothing. But they are wrong. The way to secure sleep is to think it is time to get up.

And now a medical expert announces the discovery that early rising is a cause of insanity. Tom Hood long ago insisted that early risers were liable to die young.

A man remarked in his will that he would give his executors one-half the estate if they would not steal the other half, and they were so sensitive that they would not serve.

"Look here, Bawl Bearings, I've a proposition to make." "What is it, Noopopa?" "You stop talking about your bicycle, and I'll not say another word about my smart baby."

It would be interesting to know what would be considered proof of guilt in Oregon, Mo. A girl who confessed that she poisoned her father has been officially declared innocent.

Mrs. Dusenberry, sobbing: "Oh, it's just dreadful to be disappointed in love!" Mr. Dusenberry: "There's something a good deal worse than that." "What, pray?" "To be disappointed in marriage."

Clement Younger, of Mariette, Wis., was about a year ago scratched by a hen he was trying to catch. Partial paralysis from blood poisoning followed. A few days ago he slightly hurt the paralyzed arm and died.

George Mence Smith, the self-made Scotchman, who died recently worth over $15,000,000, possessed over seventy stores in London for the sale of lamp oil, kitchen brushes and other necessities of housekeeping.

"Oh, yes," wrote a man who believes that his own home is the coolest spot on earth in midsummer, "it is all very well for you to ask me to come down to your famous hotel for rest and change. I tried it once. The porter got all the change, and the landlord took the rest."

A Danbury, Conn., man has decided upon an original plan of committing suicide. He intends to enter a cage containing a live lion and allow himself to be eaten by the beast. He proposes to charge an entrance fee of $5 to those who wish to see the tragedy, the proceeds to go to his family.

A Lyons, France, cyclist, named Garand, a plumber by trade, who had undertaken to ride round the coping-stone of a house in course of construction, successfully accomplished his feat in the presence of a large gathering. This coping-stone is barely two feet wide, and is about fifty feet from the ground.

A prominent New York dentist made the statement the other day, which he said was backed by the highest scientific authority, that intellectual pursuits play havoc with the teeth, and that the more a man toils with his brain the more likely are his teeth to disappear or to become diseased before he reaches middle life.

With all possible respect to the venerable and beloved Julia Ward Howe, her recent utterance is recommended to the vast multitude of sweet girl graduates for careful study: "Sixty years ago I was sixteen," says this brilliant woman. "If I knew as much now as I thought I did then I might have something very instructive to tell."

Two rival belles, at an evening party, were seated in the conservatory with their respective cavaliers, enjoying their supper. The gas was turned down somewhat, as it should be in a conservatory at an evening party. "My dear Julia," said one of the fascinating creatures, "how beautiful your complexion is—in this dim light!" "Oh, thank you!" responded her rival. "And how lovely you look in the dark!"

A story is told of a Connecticut woman who wanted to see "Joe" Jefferson play in New York and also wanted his autograph. She intended to make up a party to come down for the play, and when she was ordering the seats a bright idea struck her. She drew her check payable to the order of Joseph Jefferson, and a day or two afterward it came back to her bank with the autograph of the comedian neatly endorsed upon it. That autograph is now pasted in the woman's album, with a little note explaining the nature of the check.

Prince Bismarck is supposed by some people to be blind to a woman's charms, but a story is told which indicates that the Iron Chancellor is quite as susceptible to feminine loveliness as other men. A Colorado belle, who was taking the waters at Kissingen when Bismarck was there, one day walked straight up to him, as American girls will when they have made their mind to do a thing, and said "I am going home to-day; may I shake hands with you?" She took his offered hand, and attempted to kiss it, but he promptly withdrew it, saying, "In Kissingen we do not kiss hands," and the scarcely displeased damsel received a chaste salute upon her lips.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A Paris correspondent writes that the shops in that fascinating mecca of fashion are replete with novelties. Most pleasing was a white silk gown veiled with white chiffon and with black chiffon, trimmed with little frillings of lace, and completed with a bodice showing a corselet of emerald green velvet and black chiffon embroidered in emeralds, with tulle sleeves, a large bunch of violets, and an aggressive cluster of nasturtiums. This is the most original in color and design.

Most original was a gown of white muslin with insertions of black lace mounted over a black and white and blue striped silk. All tucks and frills and furbelows this was, while in strict contrast to it was a checked canvas walking cloth, revealing a white pique vest elaborately hemstitched round its yoke and collar.

Then there is a little gown in blue and white and gray striped silk, with a lace jacket fastened with sapphire buttons surrounded by diamonds and tied with pale blue ribbons. A lovely evening gown of pink satin was shown, the bodice set into plaits graduated into a point in the front, embroidered with silver, gold and diamonds, and soft frillings of lace fall down one side of the skirt of this.

One of the new shot chameleon silks was made with a charming fichu of embroidered lawn lace, the basque set into a point, while round the waist was knotted a sash of pale turquoise crepe. The sleeves have short puffs at the top, and are embroidered thence to the wrist in many colored strawa.

Panama hats trimmed with morning glories, daisies, clover, hawthorn blossoms and lilacs are among the useful things in millinery this season, and they are very pretty with thin gowns.

If one plays golf, a pair of shoes made for this purpose, with broad and nob-nailed soles, low heels and laced, will be necessary. They are most serviceable when made of tan leather, as they do not show dust. Tennis shoes do not vary from past seasons, and are still made of white canvas or tan leather, with rubber soles and without heels. One pair of rather heavy laced walking shoes will be made for tramping and bad days, and one pair of patent leather shoes to button, with cloth tops and pointed toes, for visiting and church while in the city, one pair of patent leather with ties with pointed toes and high heels, for driving and afternoon wear out of town, and a pair of tan ties, pointed toes and low heels, for mornings and all-around country wear, also a pair of white kid ties to wear with light summer morning frocks.

Embroidered effects are the rage, and some of the designs are extremely beautiful.

Handsome fichus are worn with embroidered muslin gowns.

Percale is the favorite material for tailor-made costumes.

New corset waists are made with handkerchief fronts. These may be tied in a knot at the bust, or, what is much better liked, the long points cross in the front and pass under the arms and meet at the back, where they are secured either by a button or a pin to the belt.

A pretty and simple neck finish is made with a yard and a quarter of Dresden ribbon. This is caught down with fancy pins in front and finished with a bow at the back. The ready made bow, with hook and eye, is much preferred, as it takes but an instant to adjust it.

One of the handsomest hats of the season is a black fancy chip. It is in a modified sailor shape, slightly rolled up at one side of the back. The trimming is of large sprays of mignonette mingled with large puffs of black and mignonette colored chiffon. The larger sprays form a fan-shaped trimming to the front and the smaller ones are scattered through the puffs of material at the back.

In making black lace dresses where transparent sleeves are desired, if the sleeves are first lined with very fine white net, the arms will look very much whiter. The lining does not show when the sleeves are worn.

A pretty bonnet has a close-fitting crown in scull cap fashion. On either side of the front are large rosettes of silk muslin gathered in to form enormous poppies, and at one side there is a large aigrette. A cluster of small ostrich tips fall over the hair at the back.

The opera or crush hat is again in favor, and men who are well groomed never appear in evening dress without it.

Inch wide satin ribbon, bordered on either edge with narrow ecru guipure, is a pretty trimming for a grass lawn. It is set in rows around the skirt and stripes the waist from neck to belt, while the sleeves, which should be tight fitting, are also trimmed from the shoulder to the wrist with these bands, and a short puff draped up in the middle finishes the top.

The coat and skirt gown of butchers' blue linen, faced on the edge with butter-colored batiste caught with crosswise lines of tiny gold buttons set in at intervals, is a charming summer dress. The coat with an Eton front and a basque frill in the back is pretty for this, worn with a white tulle vest and a gold belt.

Pink is the prevailing color in much of the summer millinery, and pink straw hats, pink roses and pink tulle abound. Another popular color is green, in all the divers shades imaginable, and pink lime green straw trimmed with blue or purple is one of the picturesque effects commonly seen this season.

Tan, in all the varying shades, is still a popular color for canvas gowns, and made over pale blue silk, with a wide black satin belt and a vest front made of a black Madras silk handkerchief, covered with a cone pattern in blue, green and red, the gown is stunning. Two ends of the handkerchief, trimmed with black lace, fall below the belt.

Colors and color combinations have grown in importance since warm weather began. Dress in the country is seen at a distance where other details are more or less lost, but where a spot of color against the horizon tells for all it is worth. Evidence of this has for weeks been coming out in the shape of gray gowns, lace trimmed sometimes on the bodice, but for the most part simple enough, with all their effect given by colored ribbons, say a big bow in front, at one side of the belt, and another at the back of the neck of yellow or green or plum.

White buckskin shoes are the popular thing with white gowns, and pipeclay used as a polish will keep them in their pristine freshness.

Knife plaiting has come around again. Narrow ruffles of this sort appear on skirts up and down the edges of the box plaits on the waists, and the batiste blouse has a basque made of a double frill of knife-plaiting.

Some of the leading dressmakers are directing their efforts for a change in fashion toward the dreaded bustle, and some of the newest gowns are padded on the hips and at the back.

White and turquoise is a fashionable combination for the bridesmaid's gown. White muslin over white silk, with a turquoise blue silk sash and collar, and a lace trimmed fichu makes a lovely gown.

Beige colored petticoats are one of the fancies this season, and they harmonize nicely with the batiste and tan gowns so much worn. All the skirts have an inner frill of pinked out silk.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

The cleaning of silk is a much more difficult thing than the cleaning of wool. There are few cloths of pure wool which cannot be washed with white soap and water. The process of cleaning the cloth with soap bark given in this case is much more thorough than any ordinary washing with soap and water can be. Silk of ordinary weaves cannot be washed successfully without losing lustre and changing color. The dyes of silk are not made so as to be color proof, as cotton goods usually are. There is no special effort on the part of silk colorists to do anything but prepare goods that will not fade in the light and under the ordinary circumstances to which silk is subjected. There are some delicate colors that will not stand cleaning.

The majority of silks may be cleaned by the process given, otherwise they may be considered beyond cleaning. Lay the pieces of silk on a pad made of linen. The fold of a white linen sheet will do very well. Stretch the silk on the pad, and if it is greasy remove the grease spots with a piece of cotton dipped in refined gasoline or benzine, the name under which gasoline is very often sold by druggists.

Clean the silks in this way on both sides. Do not wet it, but moisten the cleaning pad of cotton often with the liquid. After this process take a fresh pad of linen and lay the silk over it, and sponge it well with a mixture of half rain water and half alcohol. Rinse this off with clear water, drying it carefully with linen so as to absorb all the moisture you can. Turn the silk on the wrong side, lay a cloth over it and press it very carefully. If it is very delicate silk it can sometimes be dried on the board without applying heat.

Inexpensive but very good looking screens may be made from a clothes-horse. If a fourfold screen is desired, put two twofold horses together with doubled hinges. The frame may be painted with ordinary paints, enamel paints or stained and varnished. If a paper covered screen is to be made, first cover it with unbleached muslin drawn tightly over the folds, and cover with glue size to shrink it. The paper is then put over the cloth. Cartridge paper, either plain or figured, matting, cretonne, denim, silk, art muslin, bolting cloth, leather and Linoxustra Walton, burlap, glass and metal are all used for screens. If they are to be used in the hall or a piazza, burlap in an olive green, in a frame stained or painted green, or fine matting figured in the weave, is a suitable covering. The burlap, leather or carved wood or metal may any of them be used in a dining room or hall. Bolting cloth in dainty frames, and embroidered or painted with an all-over tangle of leaves and flowers, is used to cover both window and fire screens in rooms that are furnished in light colors. If a home-made screen for the fire is to do actual service before a grate, select a onefold, low clothes-horse and cover the side toward the fire with zinc or tin. Cover the side toward the room with any material suitable to its surroundings. The most beautiful fire screens to be had have brass frames, holding a panel of stained or jeweled glass.

The art of bedmaking is not any too well understood. In the morning each blanket and sheet should be taken separately from the bed and hung over a chair to air for an hour or so. The mattresses should be turned before the bed is made. Put on the under sheet, tucking it well under the mattress at the foot and sides. Next put on the blankets, tucking them in at the foot and sides. Now turn the sheet back on the blankets, and then turn the blankets and sheets both down in one smooth fold. Next put on the spread, letting it come over the bolster; then over the bolster place the pillows that are used during the day. All through the work bear in mind that it is important to have the mattress level, and to put on the sheets, blankets and spread without a wrinkle.

Among the prettiest and most fashionable of fancy bedspreads are those made of chintz to match the room. They are either simply lined with calico or unlined, and have a frill around. At a recent fancy fair a large number were sold, made in four inch wide stripe of different colored calico, cleverly mingled, united by lace insertion two inches wide and bordered with lace. Large linen quilts, with an outline design worked all over, are also very pretty, but take a great deal of time. Silk is far more fashionable than any of these, and a friend of mine who, during the sales, bought up a large collection of remnants of figured, inexpensive silks, and lined them with strong calico, embroidering the pattern here and there where it would have most effect, bordering with deep but not expensive lace, has adapted the colors to each of her rooms, and the result has been a very great success.

Rain water is by far the best for washing the face in, as it has a softening effect. If possible, never use hard water, but when you are obliged to do so, throw a handful of oatmeal into it, or a little pure borax. If your face is inclined to be hard and dry, wash it in hot water before going to bed, and then rub in some emollient cream, or glycerine and rose water.

A sunshade should always be carried in summer when there is a hot scorching sun. After bicycling, tennis or other heating exercise, rub the face perfectly clean with a chamois leather, which will at once remove all perspiration and dust, and give a cool, soft appearance to the face.

Friction helps to keep some skins smooth, but roughens others. Be careful, therefore, how you rub your face. When the skin will stand it, a good rub with a rough towel will stimulate the action of the skin, but if the skin is very delicate, exposure to a cold wind or a very hot sun is bad for the skin. When obliged to go out in a cutting wind, wear a soft veil covering the whole of the face; and on no account wash the face on coming from the air.

To make whalebones pliable and soft enough to push the needle through without trouble when sewing them in their places, lay them in very hot water for half an hour before using them.

An East India water cooler is a very convenient article for preserving ice in a sick room, but in its absence an attendant upon an invalid saved herself many tiresome steps by putting a large piece of ice in a pitcher, and covering it with a substantial cosey, like those used for teapots. In this way the ice will last over night if the water is drained off from it once or twice.

If matches have been scratched on bare walls by careless hands, cut a lemon in two, rub the marks off with the cut end, wash the acid off with clear water, and when dry rub with a little whiting till the faintest mark is removed.

Pile a little crushed ice in the salad bowl and let the lettuce lie on it for a while before serving. Just before sending to the table, drain off any water that may have accumulated. Dress at the table, toss lightly, and serve at once, and the crispness of each leaf will be found to be perfectly preserved.

Egg scissors have come. They take off the top of the breakfast soft-boiled egg with neatness and despatch, making the rest of the edible easy of access with the small egg spoon.

Sable, Chinchilla, squirrel and monkey skins may be beautifully cleansed with hot bran. Heat a small quantity of the meal in the oven. Rub it well into the fur; allow it to remain for a few minutes before shaking out. Warm corn meal will freshen mink fur. The white angora and "baby lamb" worn by children may also be rubbed with clear flour.

Many lamp shades are now made of white silk with flower designs printed in delicate colors. These silks would answer admirably for lantern shades. The panels might be outlined with gold, gimp, and above the top of the panels might run a series of scallop shells represented in gold lace fulled into shape. Two harmonious colors are combined on many of the newest lamp shades. For instance, pale pink and yellowy cream silks are used alternately on the four quarters or the six sections of the shade. Tender green and primrose, pink and white, green and white and yellow are all delightful combinations.

Raisin Cream Pie.—One cupful each of sour cream, chopped raisins and sugar, one egg. Bake in two crusts. If the cream is very sour, the pie tastes as if flavored with lemon.

Doughnuts.—Mix well together three cups of sifted pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one half a teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of mace. Beat one egg, and to it half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of melted lard, and half a cup of milk. Mix with the dry ingredients, cut into rings, and fry. This rule makes twenty.

Oatmeal Gruel.—Take two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal and mix them smoothly with a little cold water. Add this to half a pint of cold water in a sauce pan, stirring all the time, and boil slowly for at least half an hour. An additional quarter of an hour boiling will make it all the smoother. It is then to be strained and a little salt or sugar added, according to taste.

Cake Croquettes.—Roll fine sufficient stale cake to make one pint of crumbs, cover it with one large cup of milk, and let it soak half an hour. Put it in a saucepan over the fire and stir until the mixture is boiling hot, then add the beaten yolks of two eggs. As soon as the eggs are well stirred in remove the pan from the fire and flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Turn on a shallow dish to cool. When cold make the mixture into balls, dip them into beaten egg and then in bread crumbs and fry them in hot fat. Drain them on brown paper, and serve very hot with powdered sugar and sherry.

Simple Pudding and Sauce.—Full teacupful of flour, thick slice of bread grated, teacupful of chopped suet, tablespoonful of sugar, quarter of a pound each of currants and raisins, tablespoonful of syrup or jam, breakfast cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, tablespoonful of ground cinnamon; wash and dry currants, pick raisins, mix all dry things together, add syrup, then milk, and mix all well; put in a large bowl which has been buttered, cover with a piece of paper rubbed with dripping, put in pot with a little water, and steam for an hour and a half. Serve with this sauce, if you like—teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of flour, tablespoonful of sugar, and one and a half cupfuls of water; mix in pan, and stir over fire till it boils, then pour over the pudding.

Olive's Experience.

BY O L D

"DON'T be vexed, Olive, dear; indeed your papa knows what is best for you."

Mrs. Arden spoke in a gentle, insinuating tone, for, to tell the truth, she was a little afraid of her high-spirited adopted daughter.

Olive laid down her book, with flashing eyes and color that came and went like red lightning on her cheeks.

Mrs. Arden resumed:—

"Those young men are hardly the associates your papa would choose for you, my love, and he was not pleased at their staying so late last night; and—and—he is not willing you should go to the ball in their escort. He will go with you himself, if you wish very much to attend; but——"

"Stop!" interrupted Olive, indignantly. "Am I to be a slave—a tool for the caprice of others; am I to have no independence of my own? Mother, I am tired of this kind of life!"

"Olive, Olive, my darling!"

"Yes, mamma, I know you are kind, and my father has always loaded me with benefits. I am not ungrateful, indeed; but oh, it is so hard to feel one's self tied down, even by silken cords! I cannot live so; I would rather be a beggar on the streets, or a scullion in the kitchen!"

Mrs. Arden burst into tears—she was a soft hearted, gentle-natured creature; but Olive's eyes were dry, and her lips compressed into a thin scarlet thread.

Olive Arden was a decided beauty—dark, brilliant, and glittering, with magnificent hazel brown eyes, a creamy white skin, just shadowed with crimson on either cheek, and luxuriant dark hair, growing low on a marble-smooth forehead. As she looked into her mirror that same day, an unconscious smile of triumph dimpled her full lips.

"I was born to conquer fate," she murmured to herself; "and I will be Doctor Arden's meek slave no longer!"

And when the good doctor, returning from his day's labor at night, looked round the room, he naturally questioned—

"Why, where is Olive?"

There was no answer. Olive had fled from her adopted home, leaving only a hasty little note to the purport that all search would be in vain.

"I want my freedom, and I will have it!" wrote Olive.

Even while Dr. Arden was reading and re-reading the hurriedly-written note, Olive was waiting on the doorsteps of a large mansion in the centre of Belgravia, for the answer to her timid ring. Closely veiled, dressed in black garments, with a long water-proof cloak, it would have been difficult for her nearest friend to recognise her through this disguise.

"Mrs. H. A. advertised this morning for a companion," she said to the servant who answered the bell. "I am here to see her upon that business."

The servant, with a supercilious stare that brought the hot flushes to her cheek, showed her into a pretty little boudoir, rather gaudily furnished in blue and gold, where a faded lady of some thirty odd summers, was yawning over a half-finished novel.

Olive was wearied in every muscle, but Mrs. Benedict Allen did not ask her to sit down; she surveyed her through a gold eye glass, as if she had been a statue, or a picture devoid of life or feeling.

"What wages do you expect?"

"I do not know," hesitated Olive. "I have never been a companion before, and——"

"Oh, then you won't suit me. I am very peculiar—very delicately organized—and I require the most perfect experience and tact. I could not endure to be experimented on! Johnson! Show this young person the door!"

It was hard to keep back the tears, and to repress the quivering of the lip as Olive slowly went down the white-stone steps; but she was not discouraged by this first rebuff. She had resolved to be independent—to earn her own bread, and carve out her own fortunes; and she would not expect life to be all sunshine.

She stopped underneath a street gas light, to glance at the second scrap of newspaper in her pocket. "Copyists Wanted. Employment given to writers of a free and rapid hand. Apply to No.—, —— Buildings."

It was a long way off, but Olive entered a stage and rode down town, confident of being able to suit in this capacity, for she knew that her handwriting was bold, legible, and elegant.

A little ferret-faced man sat at the desk, under the glare of one flickering light, as Olive, directed by an old crone on the stairs, entered the sanctum.

"Well, young woman, what's wanting?" he demanded, in a voice not unlike the sawing of a rusty file.

"I believe you advertised for copyists?"

The ferret-faced man burst into a coarse laugh.

"Upon my word, ma'am, you must think we take things easy down here! Why didn't you wait until next Christmas, while you were about it?"

"I—I don't understand you, sir."

"We gave out all the copying long before noon. And let me tell you, young woman, if you expect to make anything in a lawyer's office you'll have to be little prompter. Good evening!"

He bent once more over his books, and our discomfited heroine retreated.

She was faint and hungry now, as well as wearied in mind and body, but she knew that the lighted restaurants and gaudy taverns were no place for her, and humbly entered a second-rate confectioner's, where a motherly-looking woman stood behind the counter. A couple of sandwiches and a few rusks made her humble meal.

"How much are they?" she asked.

"Sixpence, miss."

Olive put her hand in her pocket; to her dismay, both purse and handkerchief were gone.

"Somebody must have picked my pocket!" she gasped, growing red and pale.

The woman looked at her distrustfully. Alas! the purlieus of a great city are no school wherein to learn confidence in human nature, and somehow this look of doubt stung Olive to the quick.

"You do not believe me!" she said, abruptly, "but I have spoken the truth, nevertheless! There!"

Drawing a ring from her finger, she tossed it upon the counter.

"I don't want to cheat you, miss," said the woman, examining the ring, a hoop of gold, enclosing a turquoise stone. "If I give you back 75 cents it will be nearer right."

Olive took the money; it was something, at least, to rely upon in her extremity.

"Do you know of any place where I could get a respectable night's lodging for a moderate price?" she asked.

"There's Betty Lawrence lets rooms, two doors below," answered the confectioner's wife. "It's a poor place, and not over clean, but I guess it's respectable enough. She has a shilling a night."

Olive hesitated. There was one more place to which she would fain apply, before she abandoned all hope of employment for that day.

She had always been quick with her fingers, and Madame Lovelle, the French Milliner, in E—— Street, had advertised for an assistant. Olive had merely glanced at the advertisement that morning, scorning the idea of being a milliner's girl, but she had grown humbler now.

Madame Lovelle sat behind her cashier's desk, a pretty woman in stiff silks and gaudy jewelry, as Olive, wet and bedraggled (for it had begun to rain hard) approached her august presence, and made known her errand.

"Ah—indeed—yes—but really, child, you ought to hold up your dress a little; it's dripping wet; and just look at my carpets, will you. I don't see how people can be so careless. An assistant? Yes, of course I want an assistant. Where did you work last?"

Olive explained that this was her first essay at the millinery business.

Madam rubbed her nose with one fat, beringed finger.

"Oh, then, of course, you will not expect much wages. I gave my last girl $1 25 a week."

"One dollar and twenty-five cents a week?"

Olive felt herself flush to the very roots of her hair.

"She took her meals here, to be sure, except on Sundays," added Madame Lovelle, calmly.

"But I could not get the merest lodging for that money."

"That's your look-out, of course. Perhaps you have friends in the city who will lodge you?"

Friends! yes, she had friends indeed, and she was beginning to see her own mad folly and self-conceit in leaving them as she had done.

But it was too late for repentance now; she had made her own selection, and she must abide by it to the bitter end.

"When could I come?"

"To-morrow morning at six. Let me see your references, if you please?"

"References?" Once more Olive Arden's cheek crimsoned. "I have none."

"Then you are a fool to come here," said the milliner, coarsely. "How do I know who you are? I might have half the goods in my shop stolen before I knew it if I took in every tramp that came along. You won't do, young woman."

Olive turned and walked proudly away, feeling almost degraded by her contact with this coarse-minded, loud voiced virago.

But her heart sank within her as she issued once more into the wet and chilly streets. Poor Olive! it was not so easy to "conquer fate," after all.

What would she have given to lay her aching head on Mrs. Arden's tender bosom for but one moment! But pride rose up in her pathway like an iron barrier.

She crept back through the rain and sleet to Betty Lawrence's humble domain.

Betty herself sat darning stockings by the light of a smoky paraffine lamp.

"I hain't a room left," said Betty, when the stranger had made known her wants; "not a whole room, that's to say; but there's two beds in the room where Biddy Riley's to sleep, and Mag Macalister has a double bed in hers. What do you say to company, gals? I'll halve the expense."

Biddy Riley, a coarse, dirty-looking girl, in a greasy shawl, and hair wildly awry, was warming her feet at the dim fire.

"I don't care," she said, roughly.

Mag Macalister was quite different. She was a pale, delicate Scotch girl, whose garments, although worn and mended, were strictly clean, and her hair shone like brown satin.

"I'm sure the young person is welcome to a share of my bed," she said, looking kindly at Olive's weary face; and Olive instinctively drew nearer to her.

Mag was a daily nurse, out of employment, she told Olive after they had retired to bed, and the piteous accounts she gave of her often frustrated efforts to earn an honest living, were by no means inspiring.

Presently Betty came round to gather up the miserable little night tapers, and warn her lodgers that "talkin' arter ten o'clock was clean agin her rules!" And Olive, worn and weary, fell into a restless slumber.

The next morning she resumed her search for employment, but without better success, and at night she had just enough money left to buy a small loaf of bread and pay Mistress Betty for another night's lodging.

"I would be willing to share Miss Macalister's room again," she said.

"It's what ye'll not do," said the old woman, shrugging her shoulders. "They've taken Mag to the hospital wid the fever, poor thing!"

Olive started. Fever! Then what was the meaning of her own racking headache and trembling limbs? Was she, too, stricken down with the fell disease?

She uttered a low cry.

"Mother! mother! if I could only reach you!"

She rose and staggered to the door; but there, overcome by weakness and fatigue, as well as enervated by the shock of what she had just heard, she sank fainting on the threshold.

"The old boy's in 'em all, I do believe," said Betty, hastening to sprinkle her guest's face with camphor. "Sure, I can't kape a hospital myself; and here's a card in her pocket, poor thing. Miles Dougherty will read it for me."

And Miles, a veteran Irishman, who kept a news stall next door, slowly spelled out:—

"Mrs.—Dr.—Arden—No.—17, Pendragon—street! I'd send there, if I was you, Mrs. Lawrence, dear, for it's a long sick spell she's like to have, poor child! Maybe they'll know somethin' about her there."

How long Olive Arden remained plunged in the slumber of oblivion she did not know, but when she opened her eyes, and the soul once more shone out through their glittering portals, her adopted mother sat at her bedside, and the delicate elegance of her apartment surrounded her as of old!

"Mother!"

"My darling Olive!"

Dr. Arden came to the pillow and bent his rugged face tenderly over her wan temples.

"Don't talk too much, my dear pet; you have been very ill, and are still exceedingly weak. By and-bye you shall hear all about it!"

There was no need, however. As Olive lay there with closed eyes, sense and recollection returned to her, and she thanked the kind Providence that had brought her back to the home she had been so eager to quit!

"Just let me say one thing, papa," she murmured, wreathing her thin arms round his neck, as he brought her strengthening draught.

"What is it, my love?"

"Tell me that you forgive me all my temper and folly!"

"You have been forgiven long ago, poor child!"

"But it is over now, papa. I have learned a bitter lesson! Henceforward, you and mamma will not know your wayward child!"

And Olive's whole after life proved the truth of her words!

FABRICATING FOGS.—The newest method of protecting orange orchards against frosts consists in creating an artificial fog, which overhangs the trees and keeps them from harm, says the "New York Journal." It is a fact similar enough that there is no danger from frost on a cloudy night; the clouds prevent the rapid radiation of heat from the earth, and thus serves as a sort of a blanket. A fog which is an earth cloud, serves the same purpose.

The orange growers of California have found out a way of making fog by artifice. They can create them at any time within a few minutes. If the night starts in clear and cold, with prospects of frost, the fog-making machines are turned on and very soon the orchard is enshrouded in a thick mist. Thus protected, the trees can defy even a severe frost, which, under ordinary circumstances, would destroy all expectations of a crop of the yellow and juicy fruit.

The orchard provided with the fog making device is underlaid by a system of small pipes that carry water. Connected with these are perpendicular pipes which rise to a height of forty feet in the air.

There are 100 of these perpendicular pipes in every ten acres of trees. At the top of each tall pipe are a couple of "cyclone nozzles" which discharge the water in a fine spray in an upward direction.

All that is required is that the water shall be turned on and the air charged with a fine, fog like mist.

All the underground pipes in the orchard unite in one common supply pipe, which passes through the house of the watchman in charge.

At any time when the temperature sinks to freezing point the watchman, by opening the cock of the supply pipe, can at once turn on the water to all the pipes and spray nozzles.

The result is a thick fog, thrown by 100 cyclone nozzles over the entire ten acres. The mist soon fills the air to a height of forty-five feet, and any breeze drifts it about like a bank of fog.

In connection with the apparatus is an alarm thermometer. When the temperature in the orchard falls to 32 degrees an electric circuit is completed and an alarm wakes up the watchman. Without delay, he turns on the fog, and then goes to bed, satisfied that the orchard is safe.

CHILDREN have a wide faith in miracles, and cannot be got to believe in either the inevitable or the consequential; but maturity knows that life is one unbroken chain of cause and effect, action and consequence, and that, when we have chosen and done, we must accept the results from which no man can deliver us. This truth should be implanted in the youthful mind.

SALESMEN WANTED $100 to $125 per month and expenses. 8 spls line; position permanent, pleasant and desirable. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. Co., T 107, Chicago.

WASHINGTON PARK
on the Delaware.
No greater attraction has ever been presented to the Philadelphia public than the
Marvelous Electric Fountain
which is exhibited FREE OF CHARGE every afternoon and evening. This fountain cost $75,000 and is the most magnificent one in the world. It plays at 2 45, 7 45 and 8.30 P. M. The full spectacular display is given at the latter hour.
GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND
With Victor Herbert as Conductor, gives two concerts daily, every afternoon at 3 and every evening at 8 P. M. These concerts are absolutely free of charge.
Exhibition of the Vitascope
Every Afternoon and Evening
Boats from Arch and South Sts. Wharves, direct to the Park, every 15 minutes from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M. Boats from Otis Street Wharf, Kensington, daily, at 10 A. M., 12 noon, 2, 4, 6 and 8 P. M.
Round Trip Fare, 20c.
Children with parents free.

Humorous.

WHAT GRANDMA SAID.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing;"
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way;
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me!

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing;"
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So, if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls? Will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father, and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I;
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

—U. N. Nose.

Pugilists are not always buried in box-wood coffins.

A witty man can make a jest, a wise man can take one.

Ice that doesn't cool you—not much! —The summer solst-ice.

Every question has two sides, but some never seem to have any end.

What is that which a man may have never possessed, and yet leave behind him—A will.

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Milestones; for you will never find two of them together.

Why should one always use the letter "r" in a dictation exercise?—Because one cannot spell rightly without it.

A modern tourist calls the Niagara river "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

An advertisement lately appeared, headed "Iron bedsteads and bedding." We suppose the linen must be sheet iron.

If you undertake to flatter, don't overdo the thing. If you offer too much incense to a sensible man he will be incensed.

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

"I think, wife, that you have a great many ways of calling me a fool."

"I think, husband, that you have a great many ways of being one."

Brown's experience of mankind inclines him to believe that the path of rectitude had been traveled so little of late years that it had completely run to grass.

The question is very often discussed, whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

Hoax: If I were forced to be a letter in the alphabet I'd rather be an I or a T.

Joax: Why?

Hoax: Because they're always in it.

Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and could wear his clothes cut.

"Mamma, why has the month of February twenty-nine days every fourth year?"

"What a foolish question, so that the people born on the 29th of February can have a birthday once in a while!"

A negro who had learned to read, wishing to give an idea of it to some of his acquaintances, who had never seen a book, said, "Reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

An affectionate backwoodsman's wife, who looked on while her husband was struggling fiercely with a bear, said afterwards that it was "the only fight she ever saw in which she did not care who won."

The celebrated artist who crowed so naturally that the sun rose three hours before his time, has recently finished a picture of the moon that's painted with such wonderful fidelity to nature that she can't be seen in the daytime.

The little folks have a wonderful gift of expression, even if their vocabulary is somewhat limited. Little Richy, a suburban toddler, wasn't feeling very well, and his mother inquired what was the matter. "I feel as if some of me was dead," was the expressive reply.

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer, "I always make to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thank yer honor," replied Pat; "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally."

MONKEYS AS MINERS.—Captain E. Moss, who has just returned to London from the Transvaal, tells this story of the monkeys who work for him in the mines:

"I have twenty-four monkeys," said he, "employed about my mines. They do do the work of seven able-bodied men, and it is no reflection upon the human laborers to say that they do a class of work a man cannot do as well as they.

"In many instances they lend valuable aid where man is useless. They gather up the small pieces of quartz that would be passed unnoticed by the workingman, and pile them up in little heaps that can easily be gathered up in a shovel and thrown in the mill.

"They are exceedingly adept at catching the little particles, and their sharp eyes never escape the very things that the human eye would pass over.

"When I went digging gold I had two monkeys that were exceedingly interesting pets. They were constantly following me about the mines, and one day I noticed that they were busily engaged in gathering up little bits of quartz and putting them in piles.

"They seemed to enjoy the labor very much, and would go to the mines every morning and work there during the day. It did not take me long to learn their value as laborers, and I decided to procure more.

"So I immediately procured a number, and now have two dozen working daily in and about the mines. It is exceedingly interesting to watch my two pet monkeys teach the new ones how to work, and still stranger, to see how the newcomers take to it.

"They work just as they please, sometimes going down into the mines when they have cleared up all the debris on the outside. They live and work together without quarreling any more than men do.

"They are quite methodical in their habits, and go to work and finish up in the same manner as human beings would do under similar circumstances."

HEARD IN THE NIGHT.—The man in the upper berth leaned over its edge, and, jamming his frown firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh, coarse voice that was audible for a considerable distance—

"Hi, you, down there! Are you rich?"

"Rich?" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "What's the matter?"

"I say, are you rich?"

"What's that, sir? Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night to ask me such a question as that?"

"I want to know—that's why."

"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now, I hope your curiosity is satisfied."

"Very rich?"

"Millionaire. Now, shut up and——"

"Well, then, why don't you hire a whole ship to do your snoring in?"

TRANQUILLITY is a certain equality of mind which no condition of fortune can either exalt or suppress. Nothing can make it less, for it is the state of human perfection. It raises us as high as we can go, and makes every man his own supporter; whereas he that is borne up by anything else may fall.

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

:-:LINCOLN PARK:-:

Chicago Marine Band

(F. P. BROOKE, Cond'r)

Concerts Daily 2 and 7.15 p. m.

A Whole Show Given in THE VITASCOPE.

ALLYN and LINGARD, Character Artistes.

THE LARGEST AND MOST NOVEL SHOOT THE CHUTE.

PASSENGERS LANDED IN THE PARK

Thus avoiding annoying and dangerous transfers.

No Advance in Fare. Round Trip 25c.

CHILDREN FREE.

Boats leave Race and Christian Sts. Wharves every hour. Sunday every 45 minutes.

In Preparation—Pain's Pyro-Spectacle Production, CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE

1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia.

Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

WIG

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GO BAREK VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of 5v years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

RIDE A MONARCH AND KEEP IN FRONT

Four Styles—$80 and $100

DEFIANCE BICYCLES

The Best of Lower Price Wheels.
Eight Styles—$40, $50, $60 and $75.

Fully Guaranteed.

Send 2-Cent Stamp for Catalogue.

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23 Reade Street, New York.
3 and 5 Front St., San Francisco.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after May 17, 1896,
Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express, For Buffalo, (Parlor Car) Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars,	daily 8.00 a m Week-days, 12.30 p m daily, 4.34 p m 5.45 p m	Ar 5.30 p m Ar 5.30 p m Ar 10.05 p m Ar 7.30 a m

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.05, 5.00, 6.10, 7.30, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—8.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 5.10, 5.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1° night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.50, 10.00, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.07 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 8.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—8.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.00, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.34, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.51, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.25 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.45, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.05, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.05 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (saturdays only 2 00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.3. p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 8.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 8.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 1.30 p m. Sundays, 5.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 839 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 838 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

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